

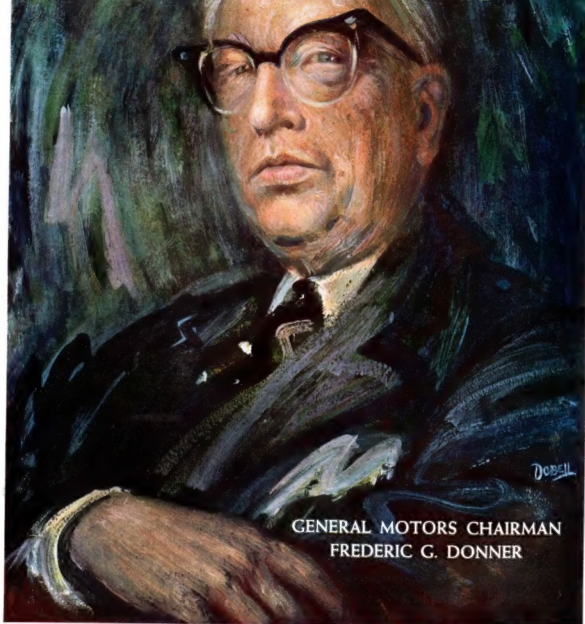
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 18, 1962

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TIME

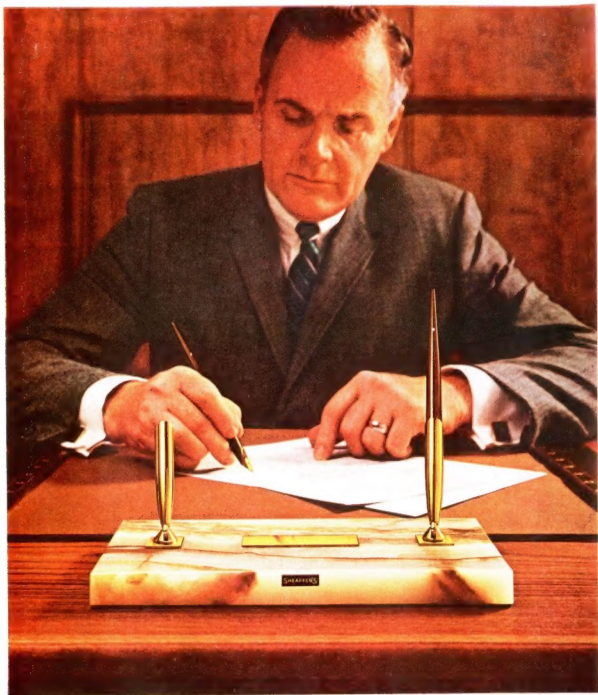
THE WEEKLY



GENERAL MOTORS CHAIRMAN
FREDERIC G. DONNER

\$7.50 A YEAR

VOL. LXXIX NO. 20



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It's time for this '62 Buick to have its 1,000 mile inspection but the only way to know it is to read the odometer. The owner can't think of a thing his new Buick needs except a wash job.

This is happening hundreds of times every day in Buick Dealers' Service Departments right across the country.

The 1962 Buick is setting records for trouble-free performance. And this is no accident. This '62 Buick is the end product of intense "reliability programming" at every step of the way, in design, in engineering, and in the manufacturing and inspection of every one of its nearly 7500 components.

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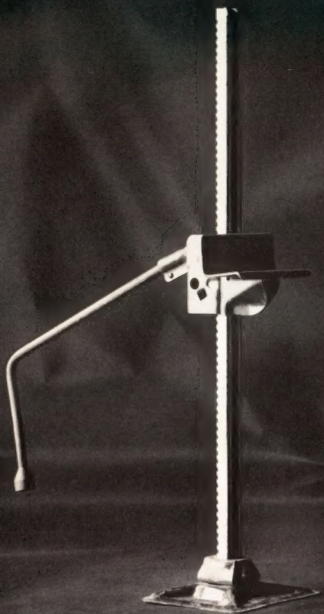
—over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, through all kinds of traffic. Why has all this been done? A matter of pride and good business . . . to make certain that the 1962 Buick will be as fine a performer and as reliable a car—regardless of price—that anyone can own today.

By the way, the Buick Service Manager will do more than wash this car. He'll give it a good thorough check-up, just because he loves it.

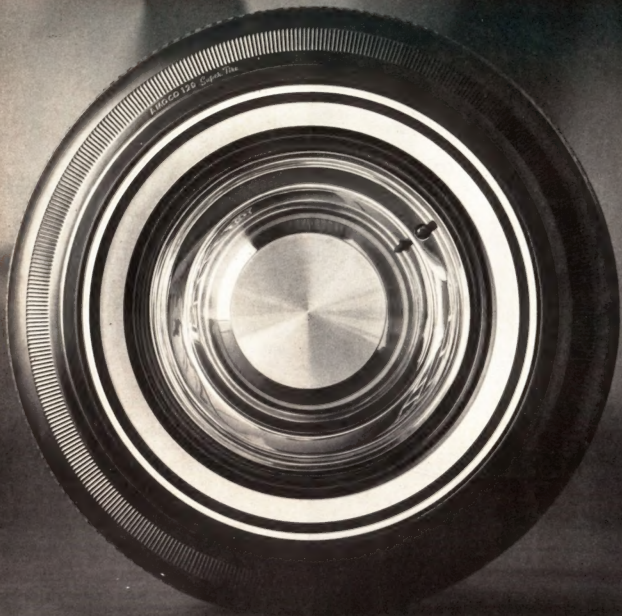
It's a great experience to own and drive a 1962 Buick. Why not make this your Buick year? Your nearest quality Buick Dealer will put you at the wheel of any Buick you choose. Buick Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.

BUICK

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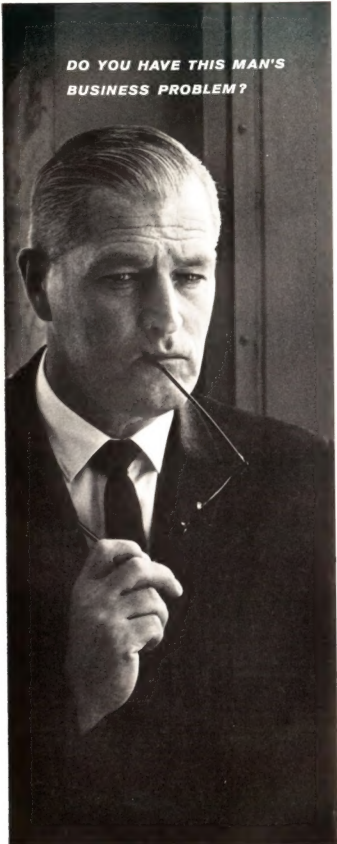


put this in mothballs.



put this on your car. New Amoco 120 Super Tire. Down with jacks and dirty hands and all that tire-changing jazz! On with new AMOCO 120 Super Tires! You wanted a better tire—so we designed one strong enough for high-speed turnpike traveling and back-road thumping. We tested our new baby in Texas heat at 120 mph to see how it stacked up. Other tires littered the landscape with thrown tread. This one kept coming back for more. The new AMOCO 120 is as trouble-free as a tire can be. (Your next new car really deserves tires this good.) And we hope jack-makers aren't too mad at us. You expect more from Standard—and you get it. **STANDARD OIL DIVISION AMERICAN OIL COMPANY**





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U.S. WORLD (first of USA 1's three sections) surveys the nation and the world to give a full evaluation of America's gains and losses for the month in all areas that concern thinking citizens.

Here you will find national defense, foreign relations, the Cold War . . . trends in business, labor, politics, the economy . . . significant activities taking place across the country: East, Midwest, South, West . . . advances in the race for space. Each month is likely to find one or more of these areas singled out for a new kind of more vital double-length magazine biography — the USA 1 cover story.

U.S. TIMES is designed to provide the historical and scientific background you need

to put today's fast-moving events, discoveries and inventions into proper perspective.

U.S. History is not a retelling of isolated, long-forgotten happenings, but an exposition of moments in our recent past that underline the month's news. **U.S. Science** offers neither laboratory analysis nor science fiction, but understandable, factual reports about breakthroughs that will shape our lives in the 1960's and 1970's.

U.S. WAYS OF LIFE surveys the American family — our responsibilities, our interests, our enjoyments.

Here you will find the first major coverage anywhere of the 85-hour work week of the U.S. housewife . . . learn about significant disclosures in medicine, education, sociology, religion . . . have news of changing ideas and patterns that affect family finances, your children, the elderly, your community . . . explore new ways to make leisure time more profitable through travel, entertainment, sports . . . meet unusual personalities whose approach to life is worth sharing.

USA 1 respects your desire to be informed, not indoctrinated. All three sections are factual, unbiased, forthright — designed to clarify your own thinking, and to help you fulfill your role as an individual, potent voter.

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What children read themselves, as you know, is often as influential in shaping young minds as school itself. Through USA 1's articles and pictures (especially), the younger generation can enlarge the scope of its thinking, and heighten its sense of responsibility towards country and fellow citizen.

What does USA 1 look like? It is a splendid publication. Its size, as shown on the facing page, is as large as or larger than other quality magazines. Moreover, it is semi-hard bound — not so weighty as a hard cover book, and much sturdier than any other news magazine — to give USA 1 library permanence. With as many as two dozen pages in full color, USA 1 utilizes the skills of some of the world's best photographers — newsmen themselves whose abilities lie in interpreting, not merely in creating "fashion" or "trick" pictures.

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history — to provide you with a permanent, encyclopedic account of our times. Chances are, you'll end up creating a special niche on your shelf for back issues, to keep them handy for reference and re-reading, especially for your children studying current events.

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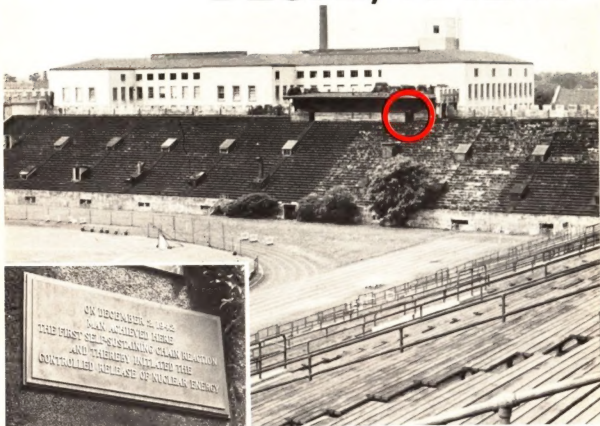
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LETTERS

Language & War

Sir:
Tim's otherwise brilliant article on General Paul Harkins and the Viet Nam war [May 11] overlooks a serious failing in our guerrilla warfare efforts—language. A U.S. Ranger in full combat wear seems far less like an intruder in a remote village if he can speak Vietnamese with its inhabitants. Yet even Special Forces troops in Viet Nam rarely receive more than a four-week cram course in local language and culture before beginning their assignments.

As a Korean linguist for the Air Force, I have seen the use of language produce amazing results in winning the friendship and approval of local populations—hence their support. This support is the crucial factor in guerrilla warfare.

ROBERT F. DORR

San Diego

Testing, One, Two

Sir:
In your May 4 article on atomic testing, a physicist is quoted: "There is more honest-to-God worrying on this hill than you ever find among the bleeding hearts outside."

Well, outside the people are worrying whether they must spend the rest of their lives holding their breath because someone, in anger or in lunacy, may start throwing around some of these genocidal devices.

R. M. BAER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

As a military man with three children, I understand the problems resulting from nuclear testing, and all of the ramifications to my family in the event of another war.

Buddhists deem it immoral to test nuclear weapons. I deem it more immoral to abandon freedom and justice without fighting for them, and I say this because of my children, not in spite of them.

WILLIAM M. PEARSON

Kameohe, Hawaii

O.K. for the A.D.A.

Sir:

It seems rather self-defeating for TIME to have spent nearly two columns to try to say, in effect, that A.D.A. doesn't cut much ice [May 4].

Quite obviously, many outstanding political leaders in this country and abroad feel differently. Accolades for A.D.A., on the occasion of its 15th anniversary, were received

from Eleanor Roosevelt, former Senator Herbert Lehman, Hugh Gaitskill, Ambassador to Peru James Leahy, Mayor Robert Wagner, President Betancourt of Venezuela, Senator Paul Douglas, President Adolf Schiri of Austria, Walter P. Reuther, Senator Joseph Clark, Mayor Willy Brandt, James Carey, David Dubinsky, Roy Wilkins, Chester Bowles, Kenya Political Leader Tom Mboya, Senator Wayne Morse, Governor Hughes of New Jersey, Robert C. Weaver, Senator Maurice Neuberger, Governor Nelson of Wisconsin, Joseph Grumond, leader of the British Liberal Party, et al.

President Kennedy also sent A.D.A. a greeting that ended with "my best wishes for many more years of discriminating criticism—and effective service."

REGINALD H. ZALLES

Secretary, National Board
Americans for Democratic Action
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I strongly protest your cover-up story of A.D.A. activities and influence in the Kennedy Administration. More than 31 present and former members exert strong influence as holders of key policymaking positions in the Administration.

The domestic aim of A.D.A. is control of the economy through control of prices. As evidenced in the recent steel upsurge, President Kennedy has taken the first giant step toward this A.D.A. goal. What better proof is there of A.D.A. influence than this un-American action by the executive branch of Government?

LEONARD L. CANTANDO

Oakland, Calif.

Marx as an Anti-Semite

Sir:

TIME refers to Karl Marx [May 4] as a German Jew.

While it is true that his grandfather was a rabbi, Marx's father was an outspoken atheist, and Marx himself was a devout atheist and anti-Semite.

FREDRIC C. DICKER

The Bronx, N.Y.

► Marx's father, a lawyer whose family had produced famous rabbis for centuries, was converted to the Evangelical Established Church of the Kingdom of Prussia, for no apparent reason other than his intense admiration for the Prussian way of life. Actually, he disliked all organized religion and considered himself as a freethinker, at the same time warning his children about the dangers of atheism. Karl Marx, baptized in the Evangelical Church at the age of 6, wrote in



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the German-French Annals in 1842: "What is the worldly call of the Jew? Bargaining. What is their worldly God? Money."—Ed.

The Meaning of Inkblots

Sir: Your treatment of the Holtzman Inkblot Technique [May 4] was excellent. Personality assessment through projective tests is tricky business even for those in the field. We hope that clinical psychology is slowly but surely growing up a bit, thanks to the careful, unburied work of Wayne Holtzman and others like him.

JOHN J. McMILLAN, Ph.D.

Richmond

Sir: Holtzman's definition of a neurotic as one who "shows strong hostility toward conventional authority" is another example of the pompous twaddle peddled by these disciples of the normalcy of mediocrity.

B. DRAPER

Amstelveen, The Netherlands

Sir: Rorschach's tests don't blot out personality—they simply rub it in.

JOHN DESPLAS

New Orleans

Sir: They look like inkblots to me—is that good or bad?

MRS. WILLIAM W. STEWART

Maquoketa, Iowa

Whirlaway

Sir: Please give Whirlaway more credit than you did in your May 11 issue. This famous horse had set a track record for the Kentucky Derby in 1941, not in 1951 as you stated; therefore, before Decidedly's record-breaking Run for the Roses, Whirlaway had held off envious challengers for more than 20 years.

SANDRA BURCH

Peninsula, Ohio

Faith & Symbolism

Sir: As a participant in Lano® House weekends at the Christian Faith and Life Community (May 4), I found your article biased and incomplete. It is not cricket to state what they do without interpreting why they do it. The interdenominational staff is dedicated to communicating the Gospel as a living, working faith for contemporary man. In my experience, the Community does not deny the Virgin Birth, Resurrection and Holy Trinity; it merely exposes empty symbolism.

(MRS.) BARBARA D. KONGABEL

Houston

Sir: The Austin experimenters have perverted the Gospel in denying the goodness of what is given in God's world and in their resignation to live in despair with their own guilt. Let them cry in their theological beer. Let them feed each other with their esoteric jargon. But let them recognize their theology of despair for what it is: abnormally introspective and unfruitful in its repeated affirmation of meaninglessness.

(THE REV.) VERNON BIGLER
Methodist Chaplain

Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir: I find your analogy of the Christian Faith and Life Community at Austin, Texas, to

* Greek word meaning "people."

TIME, MAY 18, 1962

*To the parents of young men
just beginning to shave regularly*



A very special graduation offer from the makers of the Norelco Speedshaver

No doubt your son has already started on his lifetime routine of regular shaving. It *can* become a daily chore—a morning nuisance. But did you know there are millions of men who actually enjoy their morning shave? They shave with a Norelco Speedshaver—the electric shaver with rotary blades that give a man the most comfortable shaves he can hope to get.

FACES LOVE IT!

Norelco Speedshavers are different from any other kind of shaving instrument. They operate on a revolutionary shaving principle. Other shavers work with a back-and-forth clipping action that can pinch, pull and irritate. Norelco's finely-honed, self-sharpening rotary blades whirl around in one continuous motion to *stroke* off whiskers. Norelco's reputation for bringing comfort to shaving has made it America's Number One Shaver.

We believe that young men just beginning to shave should be started off right... with a Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver®. This is the less expensive model and the largest seller in the world. You owe it to your son—or any young man—to see that he owns a Norelco Speedshaver.

A FREE GIFT TO YOUR YOUNG MAN

We at Norelco are extremely interested in learning as much as possible about the shaving habits of the younger generation. We would like this information so that we can continue to bring to young men features they prefer in a shaving instrument. The best place to get this information is from the young men themselves. Therefore we have provided our dealers with a simple data card... ask for one when making your purchase. When your son fills it out and sends it to us, we will send him a gift in return: a full-sized, \$1.29 bottle of a wonderful new pre-shaving lotion called PRELEC. This Norelco discovery sets up every whisker for a perfect shave. Our offer expires at the end of the graduation season—June 30... so see your dealer soon for the Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver that will send your young man out to conquer his daily world—high of spirit and fresh of face.

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in
Cool Weaves

by **FLORSHEIM**

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Left: The ROYCE, 52614; black calf three-eyelet loam-front blucher; in *Perfecto*, 53621.
Right: The ROYCE, 52005; black calf loam-front Magic Top slip-on; in *Perfecto*, 53004.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

the Newman Club an obvious incongruity. The Newman Club, attempting to provide a balanced spiritual, intellectual and social program for its 50,000 members on 850 secular campuses, is hardly comparable to the isolated radical group covered in your article.

EDWARD J. ORLETT
President

National Newman Club Federation
Dayton

For Art's Sake

Sir:
My kitchen sink broke down and stayed that way for a week.
My prize guinea pig died.
I almost quit my job, because I am getting sick with air-conditioningitis.

And to top it all off, I get a TIME Magazine with no Art section [May 4].

PAT NICHOLS JACOBS
Kansas City, Mo.

Abe & Wes

Sir:
In the footnote to your story on New Hampshire's Governor Samuel W. Powell Jr. [May 4], you state that Abraham Lincoln lost three elections. I should like to point out that only one of these was by direct vote of the people. I refer to his defeat in 1832, the first time he ran for public office (Illinois state legislature).

FRED SHORE

New York City

► Right. Until the 17th Amendment to the Constitution, ratified in 1913, U.S. Senators were chosen by the state legislatures. Lincoln lost two close senatorial elections in the Illinois legislature, the last one, in 1850, to Stephen A. Douglas.—Ed.

The Tired Farmer

Sir:
In your People section [May 4], you quote Interior Secretary Udall as being shocked by the flabby handshakes of men in the farm states.

What Udall mistook for weakness in the farmers' handshakes was only fatigue from writer's cramp. This is a seasonal complaint we get after filling in tax forms, feed-grain sign-ups, and applications for marketing quotas.

JOHN R. ROSS

Noblesville, Ind.

My Father Told Me

Sir:
My father always told me that all politicians were s.o.b.'s, but I never believed it till now.

H. M. CHRISTOPHER
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME MAY 18 1962



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THE PRESIDENCY A Diversity of Dilemmas

*May God defend me from my friends;
I can defend myself from my enemies.*
—Voltaire

President Kennedy was among friends—some 10,000 delegates and guests of the United Auto Workers in annual convention. Around Atlantic City's Convention Hall were huge signs reading "U.A.W.—All the Way with J.F.K." and "You're the Skipper, Jack, Full Speed Ahead Damn the Tories." As U.A.W. President Walter Reuther introduced Kennedy, the delegates jumped to their feet, whistling, stamping and cheering.

Yet Kennedy's labor friends might cause him more trouble than the enemies he recently earned among businessmen. Since the steel crisis, most of the U.S.



KENNEDY & REUTHER
Among friends.

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THE NATION

has been waiting to see if he would meet wage-increase demands by Big Labor with the same merciless tactics. The President had journeyed to Atlantic City not to praise labor (though that was part of the ritual) but to admonish it in unimpeachable fashion to stay in line.

With a Single Voice. "I speak," he said, "as President of the United States with a single voice to both management and labor . . . I believe it is the business of the President of the United States to concern himself with the general welfare and the public interest . . . I believe that what is good for the United States—for the people as a whole—is going to be good for every American company and for every American union." Unjustified wage and price demands, said the President, are equally "contrary to the national interest." His Administration "has not undertaken and will not undertake" to fix prices or wages or to intervene in every little labor dispute. Instead, it depends on labor and management to reach settlements within "guidelines" suggested by the Administration. The basic Kennedy credo for labor: wage hikes should hang on productivity increases, thereby enabling labor to seek its gains "out of the fruits of technology instead of the pockets of the consumers."

But even as Kennedy spoke to the U.A.W., there was before the convention delegates a resolution stressing "the imperative necessity" to expand demand "for real wages to increase at a rate faster than the rate of productivity advance." When newsmen first saw and asked Reuther about the resolution Reuther hastily called the White House with a promise to clear up the "misunderstanding" before Kennedy came to Atlantic City. The U.A.W.'s policy on collective bargaining announced Reuther, "is in conformity with and supports the efforts of the President to achieve a stable price structure." But after Kennedy's convention appearance, the U.A.W.'s international executive board unanimously approved the resolution as union policy. Said Reuther: "We think we're right on this question of greater emphasis on the need for expanded demand."

Beyond that, in approaching aircraft and missile industry negotiations, the U.A.W. and the International Association of Machinists are not only seeking wage hikes based on productivity rises but also as Reuther put it "catch-up raises to bring aerospace wage rates up to date with



"ALL I ASKED FOR
WAS AN INCREASE IN MY ALLOWANCE . . . !"

other major industries." The Administration concedes that a strict wage-productivity ratio may not work in all industries. But Kennedy is confronted by the fact that he crunched the steel industry for asking for just such a "catch-up" in prices.

Only a Few S.O.B.s. Kennedy's triumph over steel has, in fact, placed him in a diversity of dilemmas. It won him the deep distrust of the business community. In answer to a question at his press conference last week, the President took pains to limit the remark he was quoted as making during the heat of the steel crisis: "My father always told me that all businessmen were s.o.b.s. but I never believed it till now." Kennedy lamely insisted that neither he nor Old Joe had been talking about all businessmen—but just about a few steel magnates. At Hot Springs, Va., where top U.S. businessmen were attending a meeting of the Business Council, Roger Blough, chairman of both U.S. Steel and the council—and presumably one of the steel magnates included—showed himself willing to forget the matter. There is every reason to believe said Blough that business and Government are embarked on a new era of good feeling. Nonetheless, many businessmen were passing around buttons spooning their residence in the Kennedy doghouse.

Also at his press conference, Kennedy was asked in separate questions about whether he would intervene in three different labor-management disputes. Again he went to great lengths to say that the



BUSINESSMEN'S BUTT
Founded by Dad.

Government cannot get in on such arguments unless and until they threaten the national interest. Yet almost in the same breath, he offered the good offices of Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg to help out in West Coast construction-industry negotiations and in the Detroit and Minneapolis newspaper strikes.

Foot in the Air. The fact is that Kennedy, having stomped on steel, finds himself in the political position of keeping his other foot poised to tromp on any inflationary wage demands by labor. And it is pretty hard to maintain balance with one foot in the air. If he fails to move against labor, he will certainly lay himself open to the charge of favoritism. If he does move, with the same angry abandon that he did against steel, he will increase the fears of many thoughtful Americans. They worry lest Kennedy, by carrying out extralegal power plays, might eventually create a situation in which basic U.S. liberties would be compromised.

It was in that sense that Republican Dwight Eisenhower, after a Washington strategy conference with the G.O.P.'s Capitol Hill leaders, last week defended Kennedy's foreign policies but strongly criticized the President for "the strenuous efforts of the Administration to increase greatly the power of the executive branch of the Government. It has long been my judgment that the real threat to liberty in this Republic will be primarily found in a steady erosion of self-reliant citizenship and in excessive power concentration."

To back up his charge that Kennedy is asking for too many powers, Ike cited Kennedy's requests for authority to modify income taxes when he decides it is necessary, to finance emergency public works by diversion of funds, to "regiment all agriculture," to "take over a whole host of state and local responsibilities, notably including the proposal for a Department of Urban Affairs," and "to dilute the independence of the Federal Reserve Board by presidential appointment of its chairman." Added Ike: "The objectives underlying many such proposals are not in themselves controversial. I do not agree, however, that in every instance more presidential power is needed to achieve them."

Thus, in his diversity of dilemmas, and with Big Labor plainly determined to demand as it pleases, President Kennedy may yet find that Voltaire knew precisely what he was talking about.

THE CONGRESS Everybody's Getting Fat

Georgia's Richard Russell rose in the crowded Senate chamber last week and surveyed his club with fatherly approval. The Senate, declared Russell, is "a bulwark against precipitate action inspired by the unthinking passions of a great mob." The "great mob" in this case included the Kennedy Administration, the Senate leadership of both parties, the Civil Rights Commission and most U.S. Senators. They wanted to destroy the literacy test, the South's most effective device for denying the vote to Negroes. And Russell's tightly disciplined team of filibustering Southern Democrats held the bulwark with ease.

The two-week Senate debate had all the conviction of a professional wrestling match: everybody played his role for the crowd, but nobody got hurt. The Kennedy Administration sponsored the bill, which proposed that a sixth-grade education be proof enough of literacy in federal elections. But, almost as if the whole thing were merely to make propaganda in the North, Kennedy aides made no real effort to push the bill. The Republicans—whose 1960 platform carried a similar proposal—were happy to be co-sponsors, but that was about all. And Majority Leader Mike Mansfield ran the proceedings with a kind of tippy-toe Montana courtesy that called for no sessions at night, little interest during the day, and the gentlemanly script posted well in advance.

A Handy Chance. Finally Mansfield moved to close off debate—and he took an awful drubbing. Democrats split 30-30, and Republicans voted 23 to 13 against the motion. Thus, far from the two-thirds majority he needed for cloture, Mansfield failed to get even a simple majority.

After his defeat on the cloture motion, Mansfield moved to table the bill, and announced that a vote against tabling would be interpreted as support for the bill itself. The vote against tabling was 64-33, meaning that almost two-thirds of the Senators favored a bill that they were unable or unwilling to bring to a vote. Mansfield warned that the contrast between the overwhelming sentiment for the bill and the failure to get it to a vote would be a powerful argument for tightening up the cloture rule at the beginning of the next session. But the tabling motion was also a handy chance for Senators to record themselves on whichever side seemed politically advisable—without voting on an actual bill. Said a disgusted newsmen: "This is the damndest thing I ever saw. That bill hasn't got a chance and everybody knows it. Yet everybody's getting fat off of it."

Wrong, as Usual. Not everybody—for down South, Negroes are still being denied the right to vote. In Forrest County, Miss., the Rev. John Miles Barnes, a Negro with a tenth-grade education, who has tried to register several times a year for the past eleven years, tried again last week. He failed. Voting Registrar Theron C. Lynd, who has already been cited for

contempt for failing to obey a federal court order, asked Barnes to copy and interpret a section of the Mississippi constitution. Lynd was, as usual, dissatisfied with the result. According to the Justice Department, other Negroes found illiterate by Lynd include five college graduates, one of whom was a National Science Foundation Scholarship winner.

Here's to Harold

They were hoisting a glass on the New Frontier last week to Louisiana's Representative Harold McSweeney, a Democrat with a strong aversion for the Administration's controversial farm bill. For when the important vote came in the House Agriculture Committee, McSweeney said aye to the bill—and that was just enough to itch it through, 18-17.

For weeks, Committee Chairman Harold Cooley of North Carolina had been anxiously waiting for McSweeney, or one of three other Southern Democrats opposed to the bill, to change his mind and join the 17 Democrats who were for passage. All four were pressured by Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, and all four were exhorted to stand firm by the bill's bitter enemy, the American Farm Bureau Federation. Four times, Cooley hopefully convened the committee for a vote. Four times, when he saw that he did not have the necessary 18 ayes, Cooley gavelled the committee into adjournment while Republicans taunted, "Vote, let's vote."

After McSweeney came through on the fifth try last week, he was quick to explain that he really was still opposed to the bill; he merely wanted to get it out of committee so that the whole House could vote on it. McSweeney also insisted that his vote had nothing to do with the fact that President Kennedy had taken him along on a flight to New Orleans the previous week—after all, the seven other Congressmen and two Senators from Louisiana had



LOUISIANA'S MCSWEENEY
Sweetened by sugar.

gone along. Nor, said McSweeney, did his visit to the White House the previous day have anything to do with his vote; he and the President had merely talked about sugar quotas.

Whatever McSweeney's reasons, by casting his one vote he had given a considerable boost to the Administration's hopes for its farm program, which would clamp such tight production controls on many farmers that they would be little more than the Government's hired hands. House Democrats now think they have enough votes to pass the bill intact. Over on the Senate side, the Agriculture Committee butchered the bill, but Majority Leader Mike Mansfield believes that the Democrats can restore most of the controls before final passage. Because of McSweeney's vote, said a grateful Secretary Freeman, the farm bill had cleared what "perhaps was its most difficult hurdle."

THE CAPITAL

New Frontier's New Order

In Washington's Colony Restaurant sat raven-haired Gwendolyn Detre de Surany Cafritz, all but unnoticed as she toyed with a martini, chain-smoked Kools, and lunched with her sister. Just four china-crammed tables away sat another long-time queen bee of Washington society, Perle Skirvin Mesta, the old hostess with the mostest. She had with her a single friend.

At that same time last week, out on a rolling estate at McLean, Va., Attorney General and Mrs. Robert Kennedy were having a luncheon in honor of Poet Robert Frost. The guest list was an exclusive nine people, and the bright talk ranged from Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven* to Astronaut John Glenn's identity with God in outer space.

The contrast between the Bobby Kennedy function and the glittering coventry into which Gwen and Perle found themselves was perfect evidence of the fact that the old order of Washington society has changed, giving way to the New Frontier's New Society.

Presidents' wives and presidential families can always dominate Washington society. But they often haven't wanted to bother. Perle Mesta nailed down the top hostess title in Harry Truman's day because Bess Truman abdicated; in the Eisenhower years, Gwen Cafritz reigned because Mamie Eisenhower didn't care to. But Jacqueline Kennedy does care. Not since the time of Frances Cleveland, 64 years ago, has a First Lady cared nearly so much. And what she and Jack Kennedy care about is not the money and power that mattered in the Mesta-Cafritz days, but brains, wit, accomplishment, and that favorite New Frontier quality—*"viesh."*

New Pecking Order. Gwen and Perle are not surrendering without a struggle. To housewarm her new apartment, Perle threw convention-sized receptions three evenings in a row. But alas, about the biggest names she bagged were Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater. Among



FRANCE'S MALRAUX AT WHITE HOUSE

the few White House officials who came was Jack Kennedy's physician, Dr. Janet Travell. Gwen Cafritz has not done much better. Last fall, at her annual Supreme Court party, not a single justice showed up. More recently, she did manage to share Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges for an evening "just in the middle of that steel crisis." But her party honoring the Duke and Duchess of Windsor was a real bomb: the Maxwell Taylors and Ormsby-Gores were there, but the affair was mostly populated by people like the ambassador from Iceland. So had have things got that the old rivals, Perle and Gwen, now attend one another's parties.

Under the New Frontier, there is a whole new social pecking order. At the very top, of course, are the Kennedys. Jack and Jackie, Bobby and Ethel, Sarge and Eunice, Steve and Jean. Then comes a coterie of close friends: Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Chuck Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Evans Jr., Sir David and Lady Ormsby-Gore, Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper (he is a Republican, but Lorraine Cooper is expert at holding the intimate, 20-person, candlelight parties that the New Society is fond of), Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alsop, William Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fay, the Radziwills, Mrs. John R. Fell, Mr. and Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith. Next come some of the Administration's working stiff: Defense Secretary and Mrs. Robert McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the Walt Rostows and the McGeorge Bundys.

"Je te baptise." In the New Society, the big affair—except for White House receptions—is cut, and the little dinner party is in. Flack tie is favored over white tie. Dancing is back and Lester Lanin is hot. The Washington *Star's* veteran society columnist, Betty Beale, is in deep disfavor; she once wrote that Jackie had done the twist and nowadays any New Frontiersman who gets over-mention



MRS. EARL E. T. SMITH



MRS. JOHN SHERMAN COOPER
Presided over by the Queen.

in her column is likely to be left off the next guest list.

Boat rides on the *Honey Fitz*, where Jack Kennedy sits in an easy chair in the stern and white-jacketed stewards serve daiquiris, are pure gold. So are tennis and swimming invitations at Bobby's Hickory Hill digs. There, the parties sometimes get a little boisterous. Guests have been pushed into the pool, and Teddy Kennedy, in an outburst of youthful exuberance, last year dived in fully clad (when Old Joe heard about it he raised a ruckus).

There is no question whatever about the brightest star in the capital's social sky: Jackie Kennedy. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fout recently rose several pecks in the order because they ride at Middleburg with Jackie in the Orange County Hunt.

And last week Jackie put all her social skills on display in a calendar of events that was, to her, delightfully French. Flying to Groton, Conn., she christened the 7,000-ton Polaris submarine *Lafayette*, first of the "nucs" named for a non-American. Jackie laid aside her bouquet of roses, smartly smashed a champagne bottle on the boat's bow. "I christen thee *Lafayette*," she whispered as the unchoked vessel glided into the Thames River. And: "*Je te baptise la Lafayette*."

The occasion of the week, indeed of Washington's season so far, was a formal White House dinner honoring visiting French Minister of Cultural Affairs André Malraux. On the day of the dinner, Jackie shepherded her guests for an hour through the capital's National Art Gallery. At a new gallery acquisition, John Singleton Copley's *The Copley Family* (circa 1776), Malraux commented: "Some paintings are here because they belong to humanity, and some are here because they belong to the U.S. I am glad to see that this one is here for the second reason." He had also enjoyed Domenico Veneziano's *Madonna and Child*, a pair of El Grecos, and Rembrandt's *Girl with a Broom*. Asked about her favorites, the First Lady replied: "Mine are whatever his are."

Seating Science. A secret of Jackie's success is that she takes immense pains with her parties. Before the Malraux dinner she asked for suggestions from the French embassy and the State Department, scattered seating charts across the floor of her sitting room, knelt among them to work out an arrangement. Two weeks before, at the Nobel laureates' dinner, science held the White House spotlight. For Malraux, Jackie marshaled the arts. Playwrights Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and Chadayefsky were there, along with Actresses Julie Harris and Susan Strasberg. The Kennedys also scored a real social coup by the presence of reclusive Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh. When the White House sounded them out to see whether they would like to come, Lindy was delighted.

Eventually 168 guests were seated at 17 tables in the White House State Dining Room and the adjoining Blue Room. French Chef René Verdon whipped his staff into a frenzy, served up lobster en *Bellevue*, stuffed bar Polignac, pheasant

aspic. French wines were poured, including a superb 1959 dry white guaranteed to palpitate even a Frenchman. In the dining room John Kennedy leaned back, lit an Upmann cigar and smiled. In the Blue Room, Jacqueline Kennedy, brilliant in a pink strapless Dior, chatted in confidential murmurs with Malraux.

"Eating Place for Artists." Because Kennedy and Malraux were in separate rooms, the Army Signal Corps had rigged a two-mike public-address system for their toasts. The system failed—but the toasts went on. "This is becoming a sort of eating place for artists," quipped the President, "but they never ask us out." In more serious vein he saluted Malraux for being among those "who travel the far horizons of human destiny." Responding in French, the Minister congratulated the U.S. as "a country which has become the leader not through conquest but by seeking justice."

Following dinner, Violinist Isaac Stern picked up his Guarnerius, and with Pianist Eugene Istomin and Cellist Leonard Rose played Schubert's *Trio in B-Flat Major, Opus 90*. On that musical note the evening ended. The guests drifted into Washington's midnight while around them the great White House fountains shot prisms of lighted water into the darkness. For the New Society, it had been another marvelous evening.

THE ATOM

Bingo Blast

"Bingo! There she goes—and what a wallop. Everyone felt it."

So, last week, cried Washington Democratic Senator "Scoop" Jackson. The cause of his elation: he had just heard of the on-target success of the first U.S. attempt to fire a Polaris missile with a live nuclear warhead from a submarine.

Since U.S. nuclear testing was resumed near the Pacific's Christmas Island, there have been eight explosions of airplane-dropped atomic devices to check out new weapons designs, and one underwater shot to study antisubmarine techniques. Security rules prevented anyone from disclosing what the air tests showed, although California's Republican Representative Craig Hosmer described one airdrop at which he was an eyewitness: "It flashed brighter than the noonday sun. As the fireball developed, it turned to shades of orange, red and purple. Then a white mushroom cloud shot toward the heavens. The morning sun began to shine upon it, producing a new and beautiful kaleidoscope of colors."

But it was the Polaris blast from the submerged submarine *Ethan Allen* that excited Washington. It proved that the U.S. has a nuclear warhead that can survive re-entry into the atmosphere, that a regular submarine crew (previous non-nuclear Polaris firings have been by specialists nicknamed "Ph.D. crews") on virtually undetectable routine patrol could receive sudden orders to fire, send its birds 1,400 miles across the water and hit on target with a force of 500 kilotons.

PROTECTIONISM:

Requiescat in Pace

In *Silver Blaze*, one of Sherlock Holmes's cases, a highly important clue is the fact that on a significant occasion a dog did not bark. Similarly, one of the most revealing facts about the U.S. in 1962 is that protectionists—advocates of high protective tariffs—are doing remarkably little barking at a time when they ought to be baying fiercely. President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act, now being worked over by the House Ways and Means Committee, pushes far beyond the old reciprocal trade program. It would empower the President to slash U.S. tariffs by 50% or more—all the way down to zero on important categories of manufactured goods (TIME, Jan. 26 et seq.). But against this grave challenge, the protectionists have put up a flabby fight. The vigor and zeal of yesteryear are gone.

As a cause and as a doctrine, protectionism is virtually dead in the U.S. When a cause dies, it does not suddenly vanish; it recedes as a spent wave retreats from a rocky beach, leaving behind scattered little pools. So it is with protectionism. Businessmen and workers who make pottery, window glass, carpets, hats, bicycles, and many other kinds of goods still argue for tariffs to protect themselves against competition from abroad, but they no longer argue for tariffs in general. And their tone has changed: in hearings before the Ways and Means Committee this year, they sounded rather plaintive and apologetic. Many pleaders for particular protection even felt constrained to tell the committee that in principle they favored freer trade and agreed with the purposes of the bill.

The feebleness of the protectionist defense is all the more striking in view of protectionism's deep roots in U.S. history. The very first bill ever introduced in the House of Representatives was a tariff measure; while the essential purpose was to raise revenue, the preamble noted that

OLD POWER BEHIND THE THRONE



an additional benefit would be "encouragement and protection of manufactures." Two years later, in his *Report on Manufactures*, Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton urged tariff increases to foster U.S. industries.

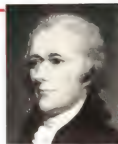
In the 1820s, protectionism became a flaming national issue, with Henry Clay advocating a tariff-walled "American System" and Daniel Webster speaking for freer trade. The debate produced some highly emotive rhetoric. New Jersey's Democratic Representative George Holcombe warned in a House speech that without protective tariffs the nation would see "your agriculture languishing, commerce declining, manufactures perishing, your—but, sir, I cannot, will not finish the picture. It is too utterly repulsive."

The protectionists succeeded in raising tariffs in 1824 and again in 1828's "Tariff of Abominations," as its enemies called it. But excessively high tariffs tend to choke off international trade and push up domestic prices, and the Tariff of Abominations stirred up impassioned opposition. South Carolina even enacted a Nullification Ordinance that declared the 1828 tariffs void within the state. The boom-crash result of the 1828 Tariff Act was a free-trade movement that prevailed in Congress from the early 1830s until the Civil War brought on a new surge of protectionism.

For decades after the 1880s, tariff policy was a central issue of conflict between the two parties, with the Republicans protectionist and the Democrats, whose main electoral-vote strength was in the cotton-exporting South, favoring lower tariffs. Freer trade made a comeback under Woodrow Wilson, but in 1922, under Warren Harding, the Republicans upped tariffs to record-high levels. In 1930 the Tariff Act concocted by Utah's Senator Reed Smoot and Oregon's Representative Willis Hawley topped even the 1922 peak. When Congress passed the Smoot-Hawley bill, Tennessee's Democratic Congressman Cordell Hull, longtime advocate of freer trade, visibly wept.

Coming at a time when the Western world was already sinking into an economic slump, the Smoot-Hawley tariff increases led to a wave of retaliatory trade barriers in Europe. The blockages slowed down already sluggish international trade, bringing on an international monetary crisis and deepening the oncoming Depression. One indirect but traceable result was Germany's jolting economic collapse, which in turn led to Adolf Hitler's swift rise to power.

In 1934, after terrible damage had been done, Congress passed the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, authorizing the President to cut U.S. tariffs in return for like concessions by other countries. Principal framer of the act: ex-Congressman Hull, then serving as F.D.R.'s Secretary of State. Congress has since voted to extend the reciprocal trade program eleven times. Reversing Republican tradition, the



HAMILTON



CLAY



SMOOT

Eisenhower Administration embraced reciprocal trade, making it a national rather than a Democratic program. During the lifetime of reciprocal trade, U.S. tariffs have gradually been reduced from an average of roughly 50% of value under the original Smoot-Hawley schedules to about 11% today.

Despite the success of the reciprocal trade program, protectionism remained a highly audible force in the U.S. during the 1950s. The reciprocal trade extension battles in Congress were often hard-fought. And in the last few years, with the U.S. feeling keener competition from rebuilt Western Europe and Japan, it sometimes seemed that protectionism was getting stronger rather than weaker, especially among labor unions disturbed about unemployment.

Under these circumstances, 1962 hardly seemed an auspicious time for President Kennedy to put forward his "bold new instrument," as he called the Trade Expansion Act. Some Administration officials and some Democrats in Congress advised him to delay the trade bill for a while until the economy perked up and unemployment declined.

The trade bill has indeed aroused plenty of criticism—but not the kind that was expected. Conservatives have complained that the bill confers upon the President needlessly sweeping and ill-defined powers. Proponents of freer trade have pointed out that it fails to deal with import quotas and other nontariff restrictions on trade. Such diverse critics as the *Wall Street Journal*, a liberal economist writing in the *New Republic*, the middle-reading Committee for Economic Development, and the Ways and Means Committee's Chairman Wilbur Mills have attacked the bill's concept of "adjustment assistance" for business firms and workers injured by increased imports. These complaints are not protectionist at all.

The most powerful protectionist force against the Kennedy trade program is not U.S. but European protectionism. The trade bill is essentially a response to the challenge of the European Common Market, an attempt to ensure that U.S. exports will not get fenced out by the joint external tariff wall that the Common Market has already begun building. But Common Market countries are far from enthusiastic about the bill's objective; they want their external tariff wall to be

a real wall. An especially troublesome protectionist plan contemplated by the Common Market is a system of variable "fees" on agricultural imports, with the fees set high enough to keep imports from competing with Common Market farm products.

That prospect is highly disturbing to spokesmen for U.S. farmers. The American Farm Bureau Federation urged Congress to amend the trade bill so as to bar the President from negotiating any tariff concessions with the Common Market if it goes ahead with its fee plan. The Administration protested that this amendment would paralyze the workings of the trade bill. Last week the Ways and Means Committee resolved the impasse by voting a compromise amendment that incorporated the Farm Bureau proposal but made it not binding on the actions of the President.

It is ironic that the only important amendment attached to the Kennedy trade bill so far is a response to European rather than U.S. protectionism. U.S. protectionists have failed to make a single dent in the bill.

Why have U.S. protectionists become so weak? One reason is that Kennedy disarmed some of the expected opposition in advance—labor unions by promising adjustment assistance, textile manufacturers by setting up a system of "voluntary" quotas on foreign textile exports to the U.S. But a far deeper and stronger force has been at work in recent years, eroding away the vigor and relevance of protectionism: the U.S.'s growing awareness that its own safety, welfare and prosperity are permanently and inextricably bound up with those of other nations.

Protectionism as a cause flourished in a simpler world in which the U.S. traditionally tended to stand aloof from foreign entanglements. That world has changed, and so has its dream. President Kennedy gave words to the dream when, in his State of the Union message last January, he explained the long-range purpose of his trade bill and his foreign policy: "This is our guide for the present and our vision for the future—a free community of nations, independent but interdependent . . . one great family of man, outgrowing and transcending the hates and fears that rend our age." Freer trade cannot bring such a world into being, but it is an indispensable step along the path.

CIVIL DEFENSE

Boom to Bust

"My best salesmen are named Khrushchev and Kennedy," Chicago's Frank F. Norton, president of the National Shelter Association, cried last fall. With Khrushchev threatening war over Berlin, and Kennedy encouraging U.S. families to build home shelters, Norton's own Atomic Shelter Corp. and scores of other companies were swamped with orders to build a haven in the basement or bury one in the backyard. But last week Norton, who has lost \$100,000 and estimates that over 600 firms have failed, had changed his



SHelter SALES AREA IN LOS ANGELES
Back to the swimming pool.

tune. Grieved he: "The market is dead—the manufacturers have had it."

What killed home shelters was the lull in the cold war plus the Kennedy Administration's decision to stress large-scale, community shelters over backyard bunkers. Says Ray Toland Sr., a Los Angeles shelter maker who failed: "It's been a real loused-up deal. All this blah-blah-blah about a \$30 shelter or a \$500 shelter, and about private and community shelters. People got so confused they didn't know what was right—and they still don't." In Oklahoma City, the number of inquiries about shelters received monthly by one company has dropped from 40 to 1. Last fall Chicago's Wonder Building Corp., headed by Leo Hoegh, former director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, was selling 200 fall-out shelters a week. Last week Hoegh sold fewer than ten. Says Hoegh, who has 3,000 shelters crated in storage: "I am bleeding rather profusely."

Many shelter manufacturers have moved into other lines of production. After switching from swimming pools to shelters, one firm in Boston is back to swimming pools again. Once burned by the shelter boom-to-bust, the manufacturers are twice wary. Says Norton: "If we had another international crisis, I don't know of a manufacturer who would make a move of his own until we got an explicit national plan endorsing home shelters."

POLITICS

Runoff in Texas

Across Texas, the political billboards were coming down. Six Democrats had been campaigning for Governor—but now, after a primary in which more than 1,400,000 voters turned out, the field was down to two. On June 2, former Navy Secretary John Connally, 45, and Houston Lawyer Donald Yarborough, 36, will collide again in a runoff.

Connally, a Fort Worth lawyer, was expected all along to do well. After a quarter century of campaigning for Lyndon Johnson, Connally had a good grasp

Walker, who had conducted an eccentric campaign in which he spent most of his time accusing the U.S. press of engaging in a giant conspiracy against him, ran last, with 134,000 votes.

On the strength of his primary showing and conservative platform, Connally is favored to win the June 2 runoff; one person who will do his best to see that he does is Vice President Lyndon Johnson, whose power at home hangs on a Connally victory. Yarborough tried to stir support by challenging Connally to a television debate. Connally cannily turned down the dare, whereupon Yarborough exploded: "The great Governors of the past, such as Sam Houston, Jim Hogg and Jimmy Allred, would have never placed their tails between their legs and slunk away from the challenge of any man."

Plenty Ready

From the moment he announced his candidacy for Ohio's at-large congressional seat, Republican Robert Taft Jr., 45, let everyone know that he was anti-Kennedy. Displaying an inherited disdain for expensive, expansive government, he attacked President Kennedy for fiscal irresponsibility, "strong-arm methods" and trying to tack "Government controls onto all his programs." Last week, after easily winning his party's nomination, Taft discovered that he would have to keep right on being anti-Kennedy. For Ohio Democrats, to everyone's surprise, nominated an obscure Cleveland real estate dealer whose main political asset is his name: Richard D. Kennedy.

Taft is the only one of four brothers to enter politics,* and his performance in his first statewide campaign was impressive. He drew 507,635 votes, more than ten times those of his only G.O.P. opponent, State Senator Thomas Lovell Fess, who is also the son of a onetime U.S. Senator. Taft will be a heavy favorite in November to defeat Kennedy, whose 113,478 votes barely topped a field of eleven Democrats. While some of the Democrats were respectable candidates who campaigned hard, Kennedy, 38, spent only \$300, rarely made a speech, even used leaflets sparingly. "The few mailings I sent out didn't go to just anybody," he explains. "I sent them to barbershops, real estate offices, saloons and such—to people who gossip."

Taking His Time. Taft's emergence into national politics at this time was carefully considered. Ohio Republicans had urged him to seek his father's Senate seat ever since the elder Taft died in 1953. Young Bob insisted he was not yet ready. He had a famous name, all right, and a solid background: a bachelor of arts degree from Yale ('39), a law degree from Harvard ('42), four years of naval service in which he was a junior officer at

of Texas politics and a long list of friends. Resigning as Secretary of the Navy, he flew home for an energetic 25,000-mile tour around the state this spring. Along the way, he picked up valuable business support, a fat campaign chest and the backing of most Texas newspapers. The result was 422,000 primary votes—or almost a third of the total.

But Yarborough's showing was a surprise. A Louisiana-born Marine veteran of World War II and Korea, Yarborough was little known in Texas politics. He had run only once before, in 1960, when he got whipped for lieutenant governor. Now, as the only liberal and unqualified Kennedy supporter in the field, he got labor backing. He also took home-town Houston handily. And a lot of Texans confused him with U.S. Senator Ralph Yarborough, who is no kin (by the same token, some voters mistakenly supposed that Connally was related to former Senator Tom Connally). Yarborough, as a result, finished second, with 312,000 votes.

Out of the running was Incumbent Governor Price Daniel, 51, who was seeking an unprecedented fourth term. Daniel's tax programs had lost him much business backing; moreover, Daniel was damaged by unproven campaign accusations, which he repeatedly denied, that he used the influence of his office to accumulate \$2,000,000 worth of land. Of the six candidates, Major General Edwin A.

* Brother William H. Taft III, 46, is consul general in Mozambique; Lloyd, 39, is a New York investment banker; Horace, 37, is an assistant physics professor at Yale. Young Bob has no middle name, adopted the Jr. to avoid confusion with his father, whose middle name was Alphonsus.

invasions in the Pacific, Mediterranean and Normandy, a successful Cincinnati law practice. His family (Wife Blanca, Sons Robert A. Taft II, now 20, Jonathan, 7, and Daughters Sarah, 18, Deborah, 15) was a political asset too. But he felt he needed grass-roots political experience.

He acquired this by using his name, his robust good looks (6 ft., 1 in., 200 lbs.) and pleasant, though somewhat plodding platform style to win election to the Ohio legislature in 1954. There his interests were broad (he served on the finance, industry, labor, judiciary, welfare and insurance committees), and he sponsored nearly 40 successful bills. They ranged from securing higher interest on public funds deposited in banks to giving epileptics the right to get drivers' licenses. He was re-elected three times and became majority leader of the house. Says he of himself and his father: "I do not think there are any major areas where our views would differ. On the other hand, changing times also give different aspects to different problems."

Like Landing. In the legislature Taft was noted for his caustic criticism of Democratic Governor Michael Di Salle's big budgets and big taxes. Last week's primary showed that Ohio voters are critical too. Di Salle won the party's nomination for re-election, but Attorney General Mark McElroy came ominously close (331,702 to 298,812), and popular Republican State Auditor James A. Rhodes won the G.O.P. nomination with a whopping 521,302 votes. Happy-go-lucky Mike managed a postelection quip. "It's just like plane landings—they're all good as long as you can walk away from them." But he was clearly more pained than he professed, may be grounded for keeps by Rhodes in November. Taft, who is plenty ready now, expects finally to take off for Washington.

INVESTIGATIONS

Tauter & Tauter

The 1,500-mile lines between Pecos, Texas, and Washington, D.C., were getting tauter and tauter as the Billie Sol Estes scandal hotbed up. Last week Assistant Secretary of Labor Jerry R. Holleman, 42, a Texas politician and former president of the state A.F.L.-C.I.O., resigned after admitting that he had accepted a \$1,000 gift last January from Estes "to help ends meet." Just two days before Holleman confirmed that he had asked Estes and other Texans to pick up the tab for a January dinner Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg gave for Lyndon Johnson, but said he backed off when he learned that Goldberg's policy was to pay for all such dinners himself. Goldberg promptly offered to produce canceled checks to prove he had paid for the dinner. Said Holleman of Billie Sol, in words reminiscent of a previous Democratic Administration: "I have not and I never will deny him as a friend."

Other developments

► The Department of Agriculture levied penalties of \$554,162.71 against Estes for growing cotton on federal acreage allotments that had allegedly been obtained illegally. Since Estes is in receivership, the department plans to collect the penalties by deducting them from storage costs of Government grain still in Estes elevators. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman denied that Estes received any favors (Agriculture had been accused of giving Estes a break by asking a 1¢-per-bu. bond—the lowest possible rate required of grain-storage operators). Said Freeman: "The Government hasn't lost a dime . . . Estes hasn't got a cent of the taxpayers' money." Of three Agriculture officials accused of accepting gifts from Billie Sol, one has resigned, one has been fired, another has denied the charges under oath. The official



DEMOCRAT HOLLEMAN
All for his friend.

who approved Billie Sol's low bond has been shifted to another job.

► Texas Attorney General Will Wilson prepared to file an antitrust suit against Estes, alleging that Billie Sol used capital gained from the grain-storage program to help him corner the liquid-fertilizer market in West Texas. Ledger accounts obtained by Wilson indicated that Estes had withdrawn \$40,000 in cash from his bank account before flying to Washington in January. Even more mysterious was an Estes ledger entry showing \$235,000 paid out for a "Washington project."

► William P. Mattox was suspended as vice chairman of the Reeves County Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Committee—which helps set crop allotments in Estes' home county—while the agency investigated his connection with Billie Sol. Mattox has admitted flying to Washington with Estes on a trip paid for by a group of Reeves County farmers to "clarify" cotton allotment problems.

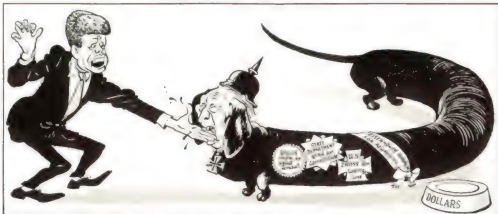
In Washington to meet with Republican leaders, Dwight Eisenhower complained that Democrats who were quick to begin congressional investigations during his Administration, were showing "no enthusiasm, no drive and no sense of priority" in poking into the Estes case. Texas' Republican Senator John Tower said he had evidence that the Estes case "may make the Teapot Dome scandal look like a Sunday-school picnic." At that point Kennedy came to the defense of Freeman. The President said Acting Press Secretary Andrew Hatcher, has the greatest confidence in Secretary Freeman, and that confidence remains unchanged.

By week's end the House Government Operations subcommittee was preparing to start an investigation concentrating on grain-storage activities. And the Senate investigations subcommittee was gathering material for open hearings on the whole Billie Sol Estes mess.



REPUBLICAN TAFT & FAMILY
Off to Washington.

THE WORLD



"TO BITE THE HAND THAT FED YOU! THANK HEAVENS FOSTER DULLES NEVER LIVED TO SEE THIS DAY!"

THE WEST

To Talk or Not to Talk

After the North Atlantic Treaty meeting in Athens, the U.S. thought it had a reasonably clear go-ahead from its European allies to continue the probing talks with Moscow about Berlin. Not so, West Germany's craggy old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, determined to prevent any deal at his country's expense, last week suddenly attacked Secretary of State Dean Rusk's negotiations with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin in Washington. Grumped *der Alte* to a press conference in West Berlin: "I have not the slightest belief that any result will be achieved."

What bothered Adenauer most was the fear that Communist East Germany would win a measure of "recognition" from a 13-nation "access authority"—including neutral Austria, Sweden and Switzerland—that the U.S. has suggested might control the land and air corridors to Berlin. Said Adenauer: "The whole scheme is unworkable. The three neutrals would have to make decisions. If one asks these states, 'Will you do this?', I believe they will say no."

Diplomacy by Boredom. Adenauer's outburst was due at least partly to frustration by the fact that he no longer enjoys in Washington the close ties and strong influence he had in the days of John Foster Dulles. Moreover, Adenauer has never concealed his disdain for the "defensivist" theory on Russia; its advocates hold that negotiations with Moscow are necessary because Nikita Khrushchev is essentially on the defensive, desperately wants to stabilize his position in Eastern Europe, and, given "reasonable" terms by the West, will bargain seriously for an agreement to abate the cold war. Adenauer calls the Berlin probes "boring," but he knows well that there is such a thing as diplomacy by boredom. State Department officials sometimes sound as if they wanted to talk the Berlin issue to death; after all, they point out, it took 379 bargaining sessions to achieve an Austrian peace treaty.

President Kennedy sided with the talkers. At his press conference last week, he

fell back on one of Winston Churchill's less felicitous and least meaningful phrases to state his case: "It is better to jaw-jaw than war-war." Kennedy obviously did not mean to suggest that war will start if the jawing stops, but he pointedly told Adenauer that the U.S. intends to go on jawing, even if there is little hope of accomplishment. The U.S., as Berlin's chief defender, has a right to "at least explore possibilities of finding a better solution."

A Little Revenge. In fact, many in the West share Adenauer's doubts, feel that the West has little to gain from any negotiations except reaffirmation of rights that the West already possesses, and perhaps temporary relaxation of cold war tensions, which Nikita Khrushchev can turn on and off at will in any case. With Adenauer—and De Gaulle—they are convinced that Moscow, on the other hand, could gain a great deal from a settlement that might demoralize West Germany and get the Russians out of a tight spot in Berlin. The argument: Russia today is in a weaker position than last year, while "beleaguered" West Berlin is growing steadily stronger and more prosperous. Hence there seems less reason than ever to make offers to the Russians, and the mere talk of concessions may create a defeatist climate.

As for Konrad Adenauer's needlessly public complaint, a little revenge was already in the works. For weeks, Kennedy and his aides had been unhappy with the able but humorless West German Ambassador to the U.S., Dr. Wilhelm Grewe, so. Somehow he seemed out of place in the bubbly, jovial atmosphere of the New Frontier. Moreover, he was just a bit too pushy with his advocacy of Bonn's unpopular policies. Weeks ago, State Department officials began boycotting Grewe, started relaying their messages to the West German government via Walter Dowling, U.S. Ambassador to Bonn. Last week, Konrad Adenauer announced Grewe's retirement from the post. Said *der Alte* caustically: "I consider Grewe a very capable man. But you know how it is—someone dislikes your nose and another dislikes your ears."

COMMON MARKET

The Terms for Britain

In the nine months since Britain applied for membership in the European Common Market, few diplomats on either side have seriously considered that the British might be kept out. Last week, as a British team led by Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath got down to bare-knuckled bargaining in Brussels, there was a real possibility that Europe may yet roll back the welcome mat.

Despite Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's brave declaration in Toronto this month that the Common Market would have to "make it easy" for Britain to join, European leaders showed that they are in no mood for concessions. On the contrary, Konrad Adenauer warned that Britain has "interests different from those of Europe" and may not be able to pay the price of membership. Whether *der Alte* was threatening to block British admission, which he denied, or whether he was not too subtly raising the ante, his attitude was shared by many other Europeans, notably Charles de Gaulle.

Too Fat. Ostensibly, the biggest obstacle is Britain's insistence that it cannot join unless the European nations agree to a long-term transitional period in which preferential tariffs for Commonwealth nations will be reduced by easy stages. As an opening gambit, Ted Heath offered for the first time to raise tariffs against the relatively small volume of manufactured goods Britain imports from the Commonwealth, then prepared to tackle the far more complex question of raw materials imports, many of which compete with commodities raised by former French African colonies that now receive preferential treatment as "associate" members of the Common Market.

But the real issue at stake is the political shape and leadership of Western Europe. De Gaulle is pressing for a loose confederation of states, presumably to be led by France and largely independent of the U.S.; Britain, he apparently feels, would not only rival French influence but act on behalf of the U.S. to dominate the Common Market. Adenauer, who is anx-

ious to achieve almost any form of political union before he steps down, is now willing to go along with De Gaulle's concept. Belgium and The Netherlands prefer a far tighter, supranational federation, but failing that, they want Britain in as a counterweight to France and Germany. Says Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak: "England is a great political stabilizing element, our necessary intermediary with the U.S."

With support from the Benelux nations and, if they are admitted, her former "Outer Seven" trading partners—Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal, Austria and Switzerland—Britain would obviously challenge the present Franco-German dominance of the Common Market. With all those countries included, the result may be a "Big Europe," many Common Market partisans fear, bound by commercial rather than political ties and in danger (as Adenauer puts it) of "growing so fat that it bursts."

Too Conny. In Britain, the most serious potential threat to British membership remains the Labor Party. Though its right wing, headed by Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell, generally favors the move, the left wing is outspokenly opposed to Common Market membership on the grounds that it would block the socialists' hopes of nationalizing industry and, in the *New Statesman's* words, "consolidate the inequalities in Britain's social structure."

Well aware that the Tories hope to win a general election in 1963 on the strength of Britain's admission to the Market on favorable terms, Labor's Hugh Gaitskell last week cannily avoided committing himself either way (see cartoon). In a folksy fence-sitting TV speech that was hailed as the most effective of his career, Gaitskell balanced the pitfalls ("Goodness me, it's not going to be easy to switch over all our tariff arrangements") against the advantages of becoming Europe's "great radical, progressive, democratic influence."

In the end, he came close to repeating what Macmillan has promised all along. Said Gaitskell: "To go in on good terms would be the best solution. To go in on bad terms, which really meant the end of the Commonwealth would be a step which I think we would regret all our lives, and for which history would not forgive us."

GREAT BRITAIN

"We're on Our Way, Brother"

At local elections throughout Britain last week, voters gave the Conservative Party the worst drubbing it has suffered in all its twelve years in office. Wiping out three straight years of Tory gains in rural and municipal contests, the elections cost the Conservatives a nationwide total of 571 seats and control of 37 towns. The Labor Party won 372 seats, capturing a dozen big cities and such key London boroughs as Wandsworth, the city's biggest constituency, and all of London south of the Thames. The biggest net gain was scored by the resurgent Liberals, who fought 1,500 seats and won 344 in their most ambitious campaign in 20 years, but still have a long way to go before

they seriously threaten either major party.

Though the elections were fought primarily on local issues, they confirmed the anti-Conservative trend established in eleven national by-elections in the past six months, and gave substance to what Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell called Britain's dissatisfaction with "tired, stale Tory ministers and their outdated postures." Moreover, Labor candidates made some of their most significant gains in the marginal constituencies that are essential for victory in a general election. Most analysts agreed that if a national election were held this month, Labor would win by a comfortable margin. Exulted Labor's Deputy Leader George Brown: "We're on our way, brother, and nothing will stop us now."

Somberly, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan warned the party that the trend "could lead to the return of a Socialist government by the side door." Sir Winston Churchill even weighed in with a ringing Churchillian plea for "a searching re-examination of our policies and great and sustained efforts." The Conservatives are still confident that if they can win British admission to Europe's Common Market, they can win the next general election, probably in 1963. Meanwhile, said one top Laborite, "for the first time Hugh Gaitskell feels certain that he is going to be the next Prime Minister."



"FANTASTIC! STILL HAVEN'T GOT A YES OR A NO OUT OF HIM..."

"Bunch of Neurotics"

On the issue of nuclear disarmament, the position of the British Labor Party has been ambiguous. Many left-wing unionists, pursuing a traditional, sentimental pacifism, sympathize with the unilateralist ban-the-bomb campaign led by Philosopher Bertrand Russell and other politically woozy intellectuals; at a national party convention 18 months ago, the left-wingers pushed through resolutions demanding that Britain renounce nuclear weapons. Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell later won a reversal of the party's official stand, but not until last week did he attack the nuclear disarmers in a scathing, unequivocal denunciation that drew only cheers from realistic anti-Communists.

It happened at a Labor Party rally in Glasgow's Queen's Park. Scarcely had Gaitskell begun a routine political speech than 300 youthful ban-the-bomb hecklers arose from their seats at a signal, marched to the speaker's stand waving placards and chanting slogans. A woman lifted a baby toward Gaitskell, yelled: "I want my child to live!" Snapped Gaitskell: "So do I, and I have two daughters."

Then, above the din, he shouted: "Does it not occur to them that it might be a good idea if they could concentrate on one or two other things that also matter to the people of Britain? The time has come to say this—either they choose to go on wrecking our chances, in which case they ought not to be in the Labor Party at all, or they must agree to official policy. The British people are not going to be obstructed by a small bunch of neurotics."

"When it comes to voting in elections these people are not worth a tinker's curse. Most of them really ought to go back to school. Let them go to the Kremlin and tell Mr. Khrushchev to ban his bomb."

"Go and march with the goose-stepping Nazis in East Germany," he told the demonstrators. "Go and see what it's like to deal with Soviet police and Soviet tanks like the Hungarian people. Perhaps you will learn something about the Soviet empire and the Communist dictatorship." Then Gaitskell said publicly what many have known: the unilateralist Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is infiltrated by Communists. "Having failed miserably by free democratic methods, all they can do is to try to deny free speech to others. I am proud to provide the hatred of those who hate freedom."

ALGERIA

Shoot the Women

In Algiers and Oran, the Secret Army has used every conceivable method of murder, killing 1,000 Moslems since the cease-fire, with the avowed purpose of provoking Moslem mobs into taking revenge and unleashing a racial war. So far, the terrorists have failed. Last week the frustrated S.A.O. tried another tack: its gunmen sauntered down the cities' streets shooting Moslem women and young girls—killing 18 and wounding 30.

ITALY

Symbol of the Nation

Antonio Segni's frail physique conceals a formidable will. Says a friend: "He is like the Colosseum; he looks like a ruin but he'll be around for a long time." Last week slight, silver-haired Segni, 71, proved the accuracy of the description. He outlasted his rivals during five days of cut-throat politicking and nine closely contested ballots in the Chamber of Deputies, was finally elected to a seven-year term as President of Italy. Quipped Antonio Segni's partisans in a somewhat blasphemous parody of the miraculous vision that came to the Emperor Constantine as he marched on Rome in the 4th century: *In hoc Segni vinces.*²

Segni's chief rival for the job, which combines ceremonial functions with such real political leverage as the power to dissolve Parliament and veto legislation, was formally undeclared but well known just the same. He was fellow Christian Democrat Premier Amintore Fanfani, who had recently picked staunchly pro-Western Segni as Foreign Minister to balance his new center-left coalition, the much-debated *apertura a sinistra*. Fanfani figured that by stubbornly clinging to about 40 votes that Segni needed to win, the deadlocked chamber would promote him to chief of state.

Hollow Boost. Fanfani's severe case of presidential fever was finally cured by six Cabinet members who threatened to quit if the Premier did not abandon his ambitions. Fanfani then released the 40-odd votes he controlled. As applause greeted the tally that clinched Segni's election, Fanfani stared sullenly into the television camera. Taking defeat more gracefully was Segni's closest open opponent, moderate Social Democrat Giuseppe Saragat, who, as a partner in the government coalition, may be named Foreign Minister to fill Segni's now vacant position.

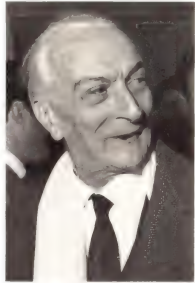
The Communists were bitterly disappointed. After Red votes swung the election to moderate Leftist Giovanni Gronchi in 1955, Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti cried: "When it comes to choosing a President, we are the ones who choose." Last week, after the Reds backed Saragat in a futile maneuver aimed at pulling him farther left than Centrist Fanfani would be willing to go, the Communist boast had turned hollow.

Vanishing Vespa. Segni becomes President of a country that is more prosperous than ever—and less vulnerable than ever to the Communists. In the poverty-stricken south, income levels are still only half as high as in the industrial north, but Communist strength south of Naples is slipping. More than \$2 billion in new industrial and agricultural developments in the south has created more jobs, raised the productivity of long-arid farmland. Foreign investors continue to treat Italy

as a good risk: U.S. Steel is building a \$16 million plant in partnership with the Italians. The unemployment rate is 16% lower than last year, wages have jumped 10%, and domestic sales are up 17% over 1961.

Italians are making the most of a new privilege: complaining about the high cost of refrigerators, washing machines and automobiles that they could not have afforded five years ago.

At the seaside restaurants of Ostia near Rome, fashionably clothed *signori* and *signorine* sneer at Americans in their slacks, sweaters and tennis sneakers. The publishing industry is booming, and Italy's 60 movie sound stages steadily employ 200,000 workers, while Hollywood is on



PRESIDENT SEGNI
Looks like a ruin, but he'll be around."

the ropes. Apart from sex and spectacles, the theme of Italian movies is changing: man's fight to make a living is increasingly replaced by the effort to understand himself in a complex, prosperous society. In the city streets, motor scooters, yesterday's symbol of prosperity, have almost vanished, replaced by masses of automobiles—although to own a car, many Italians must still make sacrifices. Says one Milanese waiter, explaining why he is single: "O macchina, o moglie" (Either a car or a wife).

Neo-Tolstoyan. The Italian constitution regards the President as the living symbol of the nation, and for Italy's paradoxical mood of economic prosperity and intellectual concern, the election of Segni was remarkably appropriate. A wealthy gentleman farmer from Sardinia,* Segni

* In all of Italy's long history, Sardinia has produced hardly any notable figures. Until Segni reached a political eminence, the island's most famed citizen was Grazia Deledda, who won the Nobel prize for literature in 1926 for a novel, *Filigrana*. Before she died in 1962 she had written 28 novels about life on the "forgotten island."

has given away 250 acres of his own rich olive groves to landless peasants; in 1950, as Agriculture Minister, he sponsored a far-reaching system of national land reform. Politically, Segni is a moderate conservative who is not likely to stand in the way of reforms planned under Fanfani's opening to the left.

A lawyer by training, Segni is also an experienced politician (twice Premier: 1955-57; 1959-60) and a thoughtful statesman who describes his outlook on history as Tolstoyan. "Men in government," he has written, "really have only an enormous capacity for doing harm. Their chances for doing good are very few and hard to come by." As Italy's President for the next seven years, Segni has a rare opportunity for doing good.

SPAIN

Bourgeois Stirrings

In velvet and ermine, tiaraed and be-ribboned, Europe's royalty turned out in Athens this week for the wedding of Greece's Princess Sophie to Prince Juan Carlos, 24-year-old son of the Spanish Pretender, Don Juan. Through the sunny streets strolled some 5,500 Spanish monarchists, all hopeful that the marriage was an omen for the return of the Bourbons to Spain. But absent was the commoner who alone could decide whether Juan Carlos would ever take the Spanish throne: Spain's Dictator Francisco Franco. Far from the hoopla in Athens, *El Caudillo* was in Spain last week dealing with the most serious unrest to beset his 24-year rule.

Immediate cause of the trouble was Spain's longest, biggest and costliest labor dispute since the Civil War. The fight began last month in the coal fields of the northern province of Asturias, where miners, alarmed at skyrocketing prices, struck for a \$1.50 wage boost, to bring their pay to \$2.50 a day. Though strikes are illegal, the miners stubbornly stuck to their walk-out; they had no strike funds, no organization, ran the risk of losing all their social security and pension benefits from the government's puppet labor union. But their tenacity won them sympathizers; from the northern industrial provinces, the walkout fanned out into mines, factories and shipyards all over Spain until 100,000 workers were out.

Civic Exercise. The strikers began boycotting shops, and a Communist radio station in Prague heaped encouragement to them. Worried by the draining of some \$500 million from the Spanish economy, Franco finally declared a state of emergency. To the three northern provinces of Asturias, Guipúzcoa and Vizcaya, he rushed reinforcements of armed police and civil guard units, partially suspended the *fuero* (the Spanish bill of rights). Said one Spaniard: "The only time we ever hear about the *fuero* is when it's suspended."

The determination of the strikers served to strip away Spain's normal political apathy. Intellectuals in Madrid issued a manifesto protesting the government's

² Below a flaming cross that appeared in the noonday sky above Rome, Constantine saw the motto, *In hoc signo vinces* (By this sign conquer), which eventually led to his conversion to Christianity.

news blackout of the strike; ridiculing the official explanation that the unrest was fomented by the Communists, they declared "Nothing is said of the real social situation that caused the strikes." Admitted one of the signers: "This won't have any effect. But it gives us a little exercise in civic duties." At the University of Madrid, student riots about the mounting influence in education of Opus Dei, a powerful Roman Catholic lay order, turned into sympathy demonstrations for the strikers.

End of Indolence. The strikes finally unnerved Franco. Canceling a long-planned fishing vacation, he hurried in Madrid and discussed proposals to end the walkout. He balked at bowing completely to the strikers' demands, but he was expected to order across-the-board wage readjustments to head off further trouble.

Spain is anxious for a new era to begin but what Spaniards want is not so much political revolution as greater economic progress. Under Franco, there have been gains. Wages have risen, and white collar workers can now afford motor scooters and a seaside holiday. Where it was once fashionable to be indolent, it is now even more fashionable to make money. Girls of good families open *boutiques* and ambitious young men invest in ocean-front apartments for tourists, look abroad for business markets. But such individual efforts are nowhere near enough to meet the country's rising expectations. Spain is in a bourgeois, rather than a revolutionary, mood—not because it has achieved bourgeois status, but because it sees its European neighbors achieving it and would like to do the same.

PORTUGAL

Revolutionary Rumbles

Franco's fellow Iberian dictator, Portugal's António de Oliveira Salazar, was also faced with flaring discontent. Crowds of antigovernment rioters in Lisbon had to be dispersed by police flinging tear gas and firing over their heads. At Lisbon



FRANCO
When there is talk about the *fuero*...

University, 85 students went on a hunger strike against new government restrictions on educational freedom, won the support of hundreds of others who went into mourning and boycotted classes. In a dawn raid of the campus, police broke the strike by arresting the fasters and more than 1,000 sympathizers.

The government predictably charged that the demonstrations were led by the Communists. While Portugal's Reds certainly had their share in the outbursts, the riots were more the result of Portugal's festering dissatisfaction with Salazar's 34-year-old regime.

Feeling the Pinch. No longer is Salazar regarded as infallible. Repatriated Portuguese soldiers returning from Goa testified to the failure of Salazar's colonial policy. His stubborn, blundering efforts in handling the bloody insurrection in Angola have placed Portugal in serious economic difficulties. Portugal's economy is not viable within itself, is dependent on raw materials from Portuguese colonies. But last year, only one-third of the coffee crop in Angola, whose economy accounts for 25%

of Portugal's budget, was recovered; sisal, Angola's second staple, was harvested only in small quantities. Salazar's reaction was to boost military expenditures to one-third of the budget so that his army could better suppress further colonial disorders.

The result is economic hardship at home. Taxes are rising, the cost of living is increasing, and the escudo is no longer the hardest currency in Europe. Workers are feeling the pinch, but have no unemployment benefits, no social security, and no unions to look to for support; even soldiers are so poorly paid that it is a common sight to see them scrounging cigarettes on the streets of Lisbon. Potatoes, the staple diet of Portugal's masses, are often scarce. Economic privations have led to new mumblings about Salazar's oppression at home; the National Assembly is a fraud, press censorship is complete, and there is no right of public assembly. As discontent increases, "preventative" arrests increase.

Health Hazard. Salazar now finds himself caught between different factions of the forces—church, army, upper classes—that were once the base of his support. One group demands that he crack down even harder at home and in the colonies; another fears that continued repression will only strengthen the Communists (as Batista strengthened Castro in Cuba). Urges a more liberal line, Salazar no longer trusts any faction of the army, when a crisis arises, all soldiers are disarmed and their weapons locked up.

Revolt, however, is not imminent. Salazar's periodic secret meetings with Franco have created the fear in the army that the Spanish dictator would intervene to stop any efforts to unseat his Iberian partner. Older citizens have grown apathetic about Salazar's government; younger Portuguese, while wanting changes, are not yet willing to risk their lives for them. But Salazar is 73, and as in most dictatorships, there is no heir apparent and no plan for an orderly succession. If his health were to fail, Portugal's changes could very well be revolutionary.



SALAZAR



DEMONSTRATION IN LISBON
... there is fear.

TURKEY

Dangerous Deadlock

Looming over Ankara's busy Ataturk Boulevard like an Anatolian mountain peak is the massive, honey-colored stone structure that houses Turkey's Parliament. It was built by Premier Adnan Menderes and completed two years ago, just before Menderes was toppled by a military coup that led to his trial and hanging. Now the cavernous, wood-paneled Grand National Assembly building houses 450 Deputies in Byzantine comfort. Each man sits in a well-padded blue leather chair; on his desk is a row of white, green and red buttons linked to an enormous electronic vote-counting machine behind the speaker's platform. The only trouble with the gadget is that it does not work. Since opening day last fall, neither has Parliament.

Most Turks in and out of Parliament last week were following familiar patterns. Muscular students were perfecting gymnastic displays to celebrate the 43rd anniversary of Kemal Ataturk's campaign of liberation from the Ottoman pashas and their Western allies. In the southern town of Mardin near the Syrian border, thousands of fans rioted during a soccer game, then fought off police and soldiers who tried to put down the melee. Nightclubbers at the Istanbul Hilton twisted to an Italian band; pub crawlers in the Ankara Palas Hotel leered at "Velvet Véronique," a stripteaser from Paris billed as "Queen of the Crazy Horse Saloon."

Such was normalcy in Turkey, the U.S.'s firm NATO ally, but it scarcely concealed the country's troubles.

Chaos & Coups. The aim of General Cemal Gursel's coup had been to eliminate financial chaos and corruption, invigorate the stagnant economy, restore political liberty. While the ghost of the hanged Menderes still haunted the nation, the army returned the country to civilian rule last October and sponsored parliamentary elections that made Gursel President, but failed to provide a stable majority to enact essential reforms. The result is a freakish two-party coalition government that joins the army-favored Republican People's Party of Premier Ismet Inonu with its archenemies, the political heirs of Menderes gathered in the Justice Party.

The political deadlock frustrated a group of young army officers and cadets who, in February, tried a coup but were quickly crushed by the regime. Nevertheless, the meaning of the young Turks' impatience was plain. Warns President Gursel earnestly: "For six months not a single issue of importance has been dealt with. The present situation cannot continue indefinitely. Either the nation's affairs will be led into a rational channel, or other means will be sought."

Plans & Problems. The government can take credit for some rational accomplishments. Determined to level extremes of wealth by heavy taxation ("Just as it is done in the U.S.," says Gursel), it has pushed a law through Parliament requiring an honest declaration of assets—previously unimaginable in Turkey. The



PRESIDENT GURSEL

"The situation cannot continue."

measure has increased tax receipts by a modest \$60 million a year.

But many businessmen fear that the law is a prelude to outright confiscation, have been hiding their hoarded cash instead of investing it in badly needed production facilities. Some businessmen have no cash to hide. Moaned one Istanbul factory owner who was whiplashed by the alternating inflationary and deflationary policies of the Menderes regime: "In the U.S. you can build up a business and live on it for three generations. Here, in one generation I've run through three businesses."

The government has kept the currency stabilized, is gamely trying to slash imports and boost exports to reduce the chronic trade deficit of \$150 million a year. But the basic problem is to raise national income to meet Turkey's rapid population increase (3% annually, compared to 2% in India). Other badly needed improvements delayed by the political stalemate are housing, education, a modernized judiciary.

The government's ambitious five-year plan envisions a total investment of \$8.5 billion (\$1.6 billion from the U.S. and

other allied sources) in power, irrigation, steel and oil production, promises an ambitious annual economic growth rate of 7% (current U.S. rate: about 3½%). But the plan is not scheduled to get under way until next March. Like so many other nations, Turkey seems to think that association with the thriving Common Market, for which it has applied, will solve its economic troubles. Says Gursel: "Membership in NATO is meaningless without membership in the Common Market."

Shouts & Whispers. Under the constitution, President Gursel has little real power, but he continues to exert pressure on the politicians. Regularly, he climbs into the presidential Cadillac, speeds from his seaside villa near Istanbul to buttonhole and prod key politicians and military commanders. Gursel today is a spry 67, has almost fully recovered from a partial paralysis he suffered 17 months ago; he has also broken the chain-smoking habit and is proud of it. "During those first days" he recalls, "I felt that someone had me by the throat and voices were whispering in my ear 'Smoke, smoke!'"

Other voices are being heard by wily Premier Ismet Inonu, 77, who, like such aging leaders as Adenauer and De Gaulle, seems to become more important to his nation as he grows older. More than anyone else, he manages to keep Turkey together. Almost deaf, Inonu spends long hours in Menderes' former office listening to reports shouted at him by aides, follows the interminable parliamentary debates over a special white loudspeaker at his desk. Last week he saved his coalition by a rare compromise. The Senate ratified a bill granting immunity from prosecution to the leaders of the abortive February coup, but the coalition partners were still arguing over the burning issue of freeing hundreds of Menderes supporters still in prison. At the crucial meeting, Republican and Justice Party leaders were seated at two tables pushed side by side. Said Inonu leaning across the tables toward his rivals: "It's up to us to keep these two together."

Later he added to TIME Correspondent William McHale: "All we demand from the people is to put up with our difficulties for another year or two."

Not everybody is in the mood to wait. While the soccer fans rioted and tourists twisted, 1,500 jobless workers marching along Ataturk Boulevard in a procession clashed with police and army units. Dozens were arrested. The fracas emphasized anew the urgency of the workers' plea emblazoned on their banners: "Give us fields and we will sow, give us jobs and we will work, show us the way and we will march."

LAOS

Rout in the Jungle

Just north of the opium trading center of Nam Tha lies a wood that local Khalong tribesmen believe is inhabited by the spirit of the sacred princess. The wood last week was inhabited by more than spirits. Out of its leafy shadows poured battalions of Communist Pathet Lao



PREMIER INONU

"All we demand is another year."

troops, stiffened by regulars from Red North Viet Nam and supported by a withering barrage from two dozen 105-mm. howitzers. The sudden attack not only decimated the Royal Laotian Army; it also allowed the Reds to reach the banks of the strategic Mekong River and made a shambles of the already fragile U.S. position in Laos.

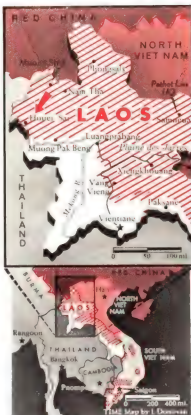
Over the River. According to U.S. military advisers, the Communist assault on Nam Tha was "well planned, well organized and up to Western standards." Five U.S.-trained battalions of the Royal Laotian Army broke and fled past the old French fort and down the dirt streets lined with wooden houses on stilts. Their commander, who two months ago vowed, "Nam Tha will be taken over my dead body!", clambered aboard a U.S. helicopter and was flown to safety.

His 4,000 men stumbled southward in a panicky rout through jungle, swamp and tall elephant grass. Four days later, their bleeding feet wrapped in rags, fewer than 1,500 men reached Houei Sai on the Mekong River. Most of them kept right on going, either commandeering boats or swimming the 150-yd. stream to Thailand, where they were disarmed and interned by Thai police. In one brief battle, all northwestern Laos had fallen into Communist hands. After taking Houei Sai (see map), the Reds for the first time crossed the border facing Thailand, the strongest U.S. ally in Southeast Asia.

Traveling Rivals. The stunning fall of Nam Tha made Red Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao, the strongest man in Laos. It came at a time when all potential rivals were out of the country. His half brother and supposed ally, neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, was relaxing in France; Souvanna's military commander, Captain Kong Le, was being feted in Czechoslovakia. The anti-Communist team of Premier Boun Oum and Defense Minister Phoumi Nosavan were junketing through Southeast Asia. Strongman Phoumi was vainly looking for money to replace the \$3,000,000 monthly economic aid check from the U.S., cut off in February in an effort to bring him into line with U.S. policy, which is committed to bringing about a neutral Laos.

The capture of Nam Tha upset apple-carts, big and little. In Singapore, on his way home, Strongman Phoumi at first refused to believe the news of another humiliating failure of his army. From Paris, Prince Souvanna Phouma sent a cable to his half brother begging him to pull back his men to pre-attack positions. Red China and Communist North Viet Nam were delighted. Russian embassy officials in Laos played the role of bewildered bystanders; reportedly, the Soviet Union was under pressure to support the Communist drive because of North Vietnamese resentment of the big U.S. buildup against Red guerrillas in South Viet Nam.

Clear Breach. For the record, President Kennedy denounced the "clear breach" of the Laotian cease-fire by the Communists, but his coldest anger was reserved for anti-Communist Phoumi because he re-



RED PRINCE SOUPHANOUVONG
When everyone else was away.

fused to enter a neutralist coalition. Phoumi said this would lead to a Red takeover, which now is on the verge of being accomplished by arms anyway.

What is left to be done? Little enough. The U.S. had long ago widely advertised its decision not to put troops into Laos, thus in effect giving the Communists a free hand. To restore at least a limited threat of U.S. intervention, Kennedy last week ordered an aircraft carrier task force of the U.S. Seventh Fleet to move into the Southeast Asia area. This gesture could scarcely change the military situation in landlocked Laos. However, a battle group could be put ashore in Thailand, and U.S. bases there are certain to be reinforced.

The Mekong valley, as the vital boundary between Thailand and Laos, might still be denied to the Communists. But as the Reds move even farther south in Laos, they will make it tougher to achieve an eventual anti-Communist victory in South Viet Nam, and easier for them to step up harassment of Thailand.

It was a big week for the Communists in Southeast Asia.

SOUTH VIET NAM Satisfied Visitor

Though things were falling apart in Laos, U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, clad in sunbats and heavy-soled combat boots, took a firsthand look at the Vietnamese war and came away with guarded optimism.

As McNamara flew north from Saigon

toward forested Binh Duong province, largely controlled by the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas, gunners in the escorting H-21 helicopters stood at open ports, scanning the terrain below over the barrels of .50-caliber machine guns. McNamara landed inside the defenses of a "strategic hamlet" called Ben Tuong, the pilot project of the U.S.-backed Operation Sunrise that was set up two months ago to isolate the population and to deny the Communists shelter and supplies.

Next day he was off again by plane, helicopter and Jeep. Along the way, he filled his notebook with facts and figures in his small, meticulous, left-handed script. At Luong Son, a strategic hamlet that has already withstood seven Viet Cong attacks, McNamara asked how soon the nearest military post could be alerted, learned that because Luong Son lacks a radio transmitter, it takes four hours to summon aid by runners. Said he curtly: "Let's get radios in this area." At the resort town of Dalat, McNamara changed to black tie to dine with South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Throughout McNamara's two-day tour, the stealthy war raged on. The Viet Cong stormed into a village near the Cambodian border, killed 10 soldiers and carried off the brand-new U.S. rifles they had just been issued. In turn, the Vietnamese army reported 20 Viet Cong slain in the central lowlands. Before leaving for home, McNamara heard that Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies has agreed to send a few crack Australian jungle troops to South Viet Nam to support the U.S. in checking the advance of Communism.

Without going into details, McNamara summed up: "I am tremendously encouraged by what I saw."

JAPAN

Tale of Two Cities

Among all the landmarks of history, from Wittenberg or Waterloo to Lexington or West Berlin, none have burned more deeply into 20th century consciences than Hiroshima. With every U.S. or Soviet nuclear explosion, ban-the-Bomb demonstrators the world over chant the name of the first city to be hit by an atomic bomb. Hiroshima is visited by 2,000,000 tourists a year; its chilling museum of atomic horrors has been massively and masochistically documented in endless magazine and newspaper articles, TV features and movies. Seventeen years after

Communist propaganda has placed Hiroshima's death toll as high as 250,000, a survey released last week by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission estimated that the first A-bomb claimed 68,000 lives.

Nagasaki and Hiroshima have long since risen from their ruins and boast broad, Western-style boulevards, handsome parks, shining new industrial plants. Yet despite their shared nightmare, in outlook and atmosphere there are hardly two more dissimilar cities in Japan. Hiroshima today is grimly obsessed by that long-ago mushroom cloud; Nagasaki lives resolutely in the present. Though in fact U.S. fire bombs took more lives more painfully in Tokyo than the combined

a natural amphitheater overlooking the East China Sea. Nagasaki (pop. 380,000) prefers to be known as Japan's most cosmopolitan city. Its tourist-bureau seldom steers visitors to atomic landmarks, celebrates instead the city's lantern-lit nightclubs and restaurants (specialties: sugared shaddock, peeled loquats), its 17th-century Dutch colony and the Nipponese-Gothic mansion, built on a hilltop by a British tycoon in 1850, that Nagasaki fondly identifies as the "original home" of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*.

The Mitsubishi shipyard, which in wartime turned out Japan's super-dreadnoughts *Famato* and *Musashi*, is now the world's largest, and last week was busily expanding in order to build the biggest supertankers (150,000 tons) ever launched. Bustling Nagasaki, reports *TIME* Correspondent Don Conner, views atom-haunted Hiroshima with wry condescension and a touch of envy. Dr. Suichiro Yokota, director of the city's Atomic Bomb Hospital, sniffs that Hiroshima "is better at propaganda than we are," adding with a smile: "It's also true that Nagasaki is like the man who flew the Atlantic after Lindbergh. Who ever heard of him?"

Oppressive Aftermath. In fact, Nagasakians point out with relish, few Westerners had ever heard of Hiroshima before 1945, whereas their city has been known to missionaries, traders and sailors since 1549, when Jesuit Missionary St. Francis Xavier landed near by for a two-year stay in Japan. For 2½ centuries, Nagasaki was Japan's only gateway to the Western world. Long before 1853, when U.S. Commodore Matthew C. Perry sailed into Tokyo Bay and ended Japan's era of seclusion, European traders had introduced Nagasaki's citizens to Western literature, science and business methods.

For many thousands in both cities, the A-bomb's most oppressive aftermath is the fear, honed by Japan's press, that they or their children may yet suffer unforeseen ill effects from radiation exposure. As a constant reminder, 112,000 survivors who were within 1.86 miles of the center of the blasts in both cities carry green health cards assuring them of free medical attention for any ailment whatever. Nonetheless, after 15 years of meticulously sifting case histories, a 1,000-man, U.S.-Japanese casualty commission in Hiroshima and Nagasaki has found no evidence that either city has a higher rate of deformed births, leukemia or other radiation-linked diseases than any other community in Japan.

Nagasaki's citizens seem to be less fearful of "atom sickness" than their fellow survivors in Hiroshima. They are also markedly gayer and more relaxed. The city's longtime mayor, Tsutomu Tagawa, whose home was destroyed by the bomb, says his people feel "no bitterness" toward the U.S., shrugs: "If Japan had had the same type of weapon, it would have used it." Today the main difference between the two cities is that Hiroshima has remained a stark symbol of man's inhumanity to man; Nagasaki is a monument to forgiveness.



NAGASAKI'S EPICENTER (1962)
A monument to forgiveness—and to remoteness.

the first atomic blast, the world has seemingly forgotten about the only other A-bomb ever used in warfare. It burst over Nagasaki at two minutes past eleven on the humid morning of Aug. 9, 1945.

Past v. Present. The second A-bomb, code-named Fat Man, was a 20-kiloton plutonium weapon even more devastating than the crude uranium device that leveled Hiroshima Aug. 6. Lobbed through a hole in the heavy clouds that blanketed Nagasaki that day, it burst 1,850 ft. above the city with a mighty blue and yellow fireball and five successive shock waves that prompted a ten-year-old's description: "I thought an airplane must have crashed into the sun."

Falling three miles wide of its target, the vast Mitsubishi shipyard complex, the bomb obliterated one-third of the city, including 18,409 houses, two war plants, six hospitals, a prison, two schools, a church, and an asylum for the blind and dumb. Of the city's 210,000 wartime inhabitants, it killed 38,000, wounded 21,000 others. Among the dead were 40% of Nagasaki's Christian population, which for centuries has been the biggest of any Japanese city; its Oura and Urakami Roman Catholic churches, respectively the oldest and biggest in Japan, were also hit (both have since been rebuilt). Though

death toll of both A-bombs, Hiroshima has made an industry of its fate—even to naming bars and restaurants after the Bomb. Comparing Hiroshima with other war-devastated cities, a U.S. casualty commission official noted: "This is the only city in the world that advertises its past misery."

Shaddock & Loquats. Nagasaki, by contrast, has few reminders of Aug. 9 beyond a one-floor museum, a green marble shaft marking the epicenter of the blast, and a Peace Park dominated by an eloquent 32-ft. statue of a squatting figure that eternally lifts one arm to the sky, extends the other in forgiveness. Unlike Hiroshima, which is only 430 miles from Tokyo, Nagasaki takes about 24 hours to reach by train, and has never been invaded by antinuclear demonstrators. By last week, while Hiroshima staged noisy ban-the-Bomb rallies, Nagasaki had not witnessed a single demonstration against U.S. nuclear tests over Christmas Island. Explains Hiroshi Wakiyama, a businessman who in 1960 quit as chairman of Nagasaki's small chapter of Gensuikyo, Japan's antinuclear council: "We don't want to go around bragging about being victims of the atomic bomb. It is not compatible with the character of Nagasaki."

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THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

The Hungry Land

Brazil's enormous northeast bulge has more people—25 million—than Argentina, more land—597,353 sq. mi.—than all of Central America. If the Northeast was a separate nation, it would rank second in population, third in area, in South America. Last week a governor of one of the nine states that make up the Northeast—Aluizio Alves of Rio Grande do Norte—described another feature of the region. "It is," said he, "the biggest blight on the Western Hemisphere, with dangers enough to be six Cubas."

Nature branded a curse on the Northeast. Except in a narrow coastal belt, rain is so scant that 87% of the area consists of parched, brown *sertão*, a rolling hinterland matted with cactus-tough scrub where peasants hack at the hard soil with primitive hoes. Two months ago, the first rains in eight months brought a green fuzz to the *sertão*. But drought had already ruined this year's crop of beans, corn and manioc-root flour, mainstays of the peasant diet. Famine swept the *sertão*, sending thousands of *camponeses* to the towns in search of food.

In Limoeiro (pop. 30,000) last week, reported TIME Correspondent John Blashill, a mob of 1,000 men, women and children—some armed with shotguns and hoes—shouted angrily for "Food! Food!" Only by collecting donations from alarmed merchants did the local sheriff avert a battle. In five other towns, stores were sacked; in a sixth, a gun battle left one dead and two wounded. Officials of Pernambuco state belatedly impounded what food was left (speculators had bought up most of the crop, were selling it at markups of 200% to 1,000%). The federal government declared an emergency throughout the Northeast, and the U.S. Food for Peace program prepared to dispatch 6,000 tons of beans.

All Prohibited. Over the years, droves of peasants have fled from the dry hinterland to the region's fertile seacoast. But no bounty is to be found there either. A few feudal landlords own virtually all the land, and the best the peasant can expect is a life as a sharecropper or tenant farmer. As a sharecropper, he gives the landlord one-third to one-half of everything he grows, usually must sell his share to his *pátrio* for 30% to 50% below market price. At the plantation store where he buys supplies, interest on credit runs 20%. A tenant farmer is charged 4,000 to 6,000 cruzeiros per hectare per year to work land, often loses the landlord's fields at a daily wage averaging 100 cruzeiros (.10¢) to pay his rent.

The landlord generally disapproves of livestock (animals eat too much) and is anxious to hold down food crops because such industrial crops as sugar and cotton bring him a higher profit. A state such as Rio Grande do Norte therefore imports 70% of its food from southern Brazil at

inflationary prices that the peasant (average annual income: \$23) cannot afford.

On a 12,000-acre cotton plantation in Rio Grande do Norte owned by a rich and powerful Northeast politician, a poster sets the rules: "All residents of this property are prohibited from 1) carrying arms of any type, 2) drinking *aquardente* or any other alcoholic beverage, 3) playing cards or any other game, 4) spending their free time anywhere except on the property, 5) hunting or allowing strangers to hunt, 6) fighting with their neighbors or anyone else, 7) attending sick friends

"packs of thieves and Communists." Adds Landlord Joacil Pereira of Paraíba state: "We are generous men. If a peasant dies, or his wife dies, or his child dies, who pays for the funeral? The landlord."

Communists & Catholics. Many Brazilians fear that it is only a matter of time before simmering discontent boils over into outright revolution. In 1953 Francisco Julião, a youthful, self-styled Marxist messiah, founded the Northeast's first peasant league. Today there are 98 peasant leagues in six states, some Marxist, others not; they have 40,000 members.



CATHOLIC PRIEST DISTRIBUTING EMERGENCY FOOD IN NORTHEAST

And the bells toll all day long.

8) holding a dance without permission of the owner, 9) spreading gossip, 10) feigning illness to avoid work. Any who do not comply have 24 hours to get off.

Soup of Life. The underfed peasants succumb easily to TB, gastroenteritis and chistosoma, a debilitating liver parasite that infects one-fifth of the rural population. Average life expectancy in Brazil's Northeast is 30 years, and in Rio Grande do Norte, 46% of every 1,000 babies die in their first year. Most infants are fed a diet of manioc flour mixed with molasses, never taste milk and sometimes do not even get enough water. In Cruz de Armas, a village in Paraíba, the government operates an infant "rehydration station," which dispenses a watery soup to hundreds of children carried in by their parents. In one Rio Grande do Norte town the local priest reports that his church bells, which toll for the death of every child, toll all day long.

"With good will," says a weary priest, "everything could be solved." But if anything, the landlords of the Northeast, who fear a peasant revolt, are growing tougher. To Caio Lins Cavalcanti, president of the "Recovery Center of Agricultural Landlords" formed as a sort of mutual protection society, the hungry peasants demonstrating in the towns last week were

and uncounted sympathizers, have taken over 12,350 acres of rich coastal land have fought pitched battles with the landlords' hired gunmen, and brought Brazilian infantry troops double-timing to the Northeast in regimental strength. What holds back the revolution is lack of arms and the Communists' own blunders. As in Castro's Cuba, the old-line party members regard Julião as "an opportunist" and seek to undercut his popularity with the peasants.

To compete with the Reds, a small band of anti-Communist revolutionaries—chiefly crusading Roman Catholic priests and a few exceptional politicians—are organizing "rural syndicates" to seek rapid reform instead of violent revolution. In Rio Grande do Norte, tall, dynamic Bishop Eugenio Salles, 42, has organized rural syndicates in 23 townships, signed up 200,000 members. At his headquarters in an old office building in Natal, Salles receives eight to ten complaints a day against landlords, carries them to court. One damage suit is against Landlord Antônio Moreira (2,400 inherited acres of sugarcane), a 28-year-old tough who recently burned the house and all the crops of Sharecropper Antônio Avelindo Azeite because he had planted an unauthorized banana tree. The sharecropper wants \$30



"By Jove, they're coming over every day, now!"

Chap No. 1: *Any idea why?*

Chap No. 2: *Mmmm. Matter of supply and demand, I suppose.*

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damages and Moreira refuses to pay.

What may be in store for him was described in a recent fiery sermon by Father Emerson Negreiros, a rotund padre who runs the busiest rural syndicate in the cotton town of Santa Cruz, and preaches a do-it-yourself justice to his peasant flock: "You should raise a goat to give milk to your children. If the landlord comes to kill your goat, he is threatening the lives of your children. Do not let him kill your goat! Kill him first!"

Green for Hope. Working with the priests are a few politicians such as Rio Grande do Norte's Governor Aluizio Alves, 39, himself a rehabilitated tubercular who has embarked on a self-help program to develop his state's unexploited resources. Brazil's Congress has still not passed a modern land-reform law, but in the certainty that any such agrarian reform will be useless without other development, Alves has constructed scores of rain-catching water reservoirs, is starting a state seed bank, is bringing in cheap power by tapping into a federal hydroelectric plant. On huts across the state, many peasants display Alves' campaign symbol, a green flag signifying hope.

Self-help can carry the Northeast only so far, and aid from the outside is needed on a massive scale. Six weeks ago, the U.S. made its first major Alliance for Progress loan of \$1.1 million for the Northeast. Out in the hungry land, the peasants view the alliance with wary cynicism. Governor Alves does not. Says he: "If the alliance does not work in the Northeast, there will be no alliance."

COLOMBIA

Viva the President!

One of the world's least reported slaughters in the years since World War II was a senseless, near-civil war between Colombia's dominant Liberal and Conservative parties, which killed more than 300,000 people. Four years ago Liberal Statesman-Politician Alberto Lleras Camargo was elected President under terms of a truce whereby the two factions agreed to alternate the presidency. Though the feud still simmers in the backlands, the truce has done something to unite a divided nation and the coffee-growing country of 14 million is making economic strides.

But would the Liberals give way peacefully to the Conservatives? Last week Colombia's voters reaffirmed the truce by electing as Lleras' successor, Conservative Guillermo León Valencia, 53, with an overwhelming 1,643,020 votes. Valencia is a far different politician from the patient, persuasive Lleras. A fiery orator, flowered poet and crack pistol shot, he once stood up to a dictator's besieging troops armed with a .32 revolver, and by bluster and reputation he drove the soldiers away. Anti-Communist and pro-U.S., he puts his faith in the Alliance for Progress and in his own popularity among Colombians. A huge crowd followed him to the polling place in the Bogotá capital. When Valencia had voted, the crowd roared: "Viva Valencia. Viva the President of the poor!"

PEOPLE

Sheathed in a tight skirt, **Princess Margaret**, 31, showed a bit of thigh as she hopped behind Husband Tony for her first spin on a motorcycle in rural Somersetshire and was promptly knocked from pillion to post by London fashion editors who thought "chic and cheerful" trousers would have been more suitable. Nothing fazed Meg cheerfully let herself in for more complaints about royal overexposure by showing up at a London theater in a one-strap evening gown that displayed a dazzling expanse of shoulder.

California Campaigner **Richard M. Nixon**, 49, was the host at a party for 75 newsmen at his new, \$135,000 spread in Beverly Hills, but he might as well have tagged along with the guests on the guided tour that his daughters conducted through the white-carpeted rooms. Since moving into the four-bedroom, six-bathroom hilltop ranch house last month the hard-running gubernatorial aspirant has spent only two nights there. Peppery Julie Nixon, 13, could understand, for she was doing some politicking herself—in the ninth-grade class at Marlborough School. Though she was home in bed on election day with a bump on her head from a wayward softball bat, Julie won. Her post? Vice president.

Back only 24 hours from a Grecian honeymoon with Director Tony Richardson, veteran Ban-the-Bomber **Vanessa Redgrave**, 25, mounted a Hyde Park soapbox and declared: "I would like to be home with my husband, but if the bomb is dropped and I have played no part in protesting against it, I would be as guilty as the man who pressed the button." At the edge of the heckling crowd stood Actor Sir Michael Redgrave, 54, Vanessa's father, "I believe in what she says in principle," he said, "but I am against this civil disobedience. It could be dangerous if applied wrongly."

On a four-hour tour of Gettysburg Civil War Buff **Karl Barth**, 76, astonished his guides with a fusillade of little-known facts. Led to the spot where the first large body of Confederate troops had deployed, the Swiss theologian smiled



PRINCESS MEG
A nice bit of thigh.

knowingly. "Yes, that was [Major General Henry] Heth's group." Told that a Lutheran seminary in which he was lunching had been used as a Union observation post, he nonchalantly rattled off the name of Major General John Buford as the post's commander. Moving south, Barth paused on a battlefield near Richmond, Va., raised a century-old Yankee musket to his shoulder, and proved himself the equal of an earlier Swiss marksman by scoring a bull's-eye on a white handkerchief 100 ft. away. Cried he: "Like William Tell!"

Whirling from East Coast to West and back, Soviet Spaceman **Gherman Titov**, 27, found a lot not to like about the U.S. traffic in San Francisco, cotton candy at the Seattle World's Fair, martinis anywhere, photographers everywhere. At times sounding more like a parrot than a pilot, the capsule-sized (5 ft. 6 in.) Communist Cosmonaut informed a Sabbath news conference: "In my travels around the earth I saw no God or angels, thumbed down the U.S. space program ('quite a lot of failures'), thumbed up the Soviets ('no failures whatever') finally took his good will off to Scotland where he stopped just long enough to say something else about the U.S. "You had to pay for walking along the street. Wherever you go, you have to pay money. You almost have to pay money to breathe the fresh air," said Moscow's man in space.

Slyly seasoning his smiles with salt for an Oxford audience, Russia's globe-trotting **Evgeny Evtushenko**, 28, said that for a poet, speaking the truth is not an act of heroism but "as natural as walking around with one's fly done up." The following day the irrepressible poet struck an unnatural pose. During tea at Novelist Kingsley (*Lucky Jim*) Amis' Cambridge home, he noticed eight-year-old Sally Amis pressing dolls' clothes with her mother's iron, hustled Sally and her startled parents out of the room and stripped off his rain-rumpled pants. Ten minutes later, resplendent in trousers with a knife-

sharp crease, Evtushenko invited everyone back in, with a bow returned the iron to Sally.

"English is dying from a surfeit of prose," rumbled, roly-poly **Lord Hailsham**, 54, Britain's Lord President of the Council and Minister for Science, told the Royal Academy. "Off the printing presses," said he, adding a few thousand well-chosen words to the surfeit, "there rolls a steady stream of viscous verbiage couched in what purports to be the language of Shakespeare and the Authorized Version, but is in fact the hideous, flaccid, indigestible, swag-bellied offspring of decay." His solution—"every educated man should write verse"—is one he has employed for years, jotting verses in a little black book, or penning a poetic apology to a secretary he had reduced to tears.

So, take me for your friend, and don't forget,

If sometimes I seem like a prima donna,
Gentle Iunonia, life's a minnet,
With steps minutely marked for men of honor.

Having written two weighty tomes on marine biology that proved popular flops Japan's **Emperor Hirohito**, 61, turned to amateur botany for his third book, and suddenly found himself the nation's newest literary lion. A 500-copy first edition of his *Flora of Nasa* describing 1,000 specimens from a mountain-ringed resort 90 miles from Tokyo, was sold out in advance. The Sansedo publishers, admitting to a "serious mistake," hastily ordered up a face-saving second printing of 25,000. An added attraction in the 428-page 750-yen (\$2.09) manual is a dainty frontispiece of a bellflower done by a Sunday painter named Nagako, Hirohito's 59-year-old Empress.

Beleaguered **Roger Blough**, 58, may never be sure whether it was Madame Delarge or Mrs. Malaprop who spoke to him at the end of Big Steel's noisy stockholders' meeting in Hoboken, N.J. After nearly four hours of often acrimonious exchange with 1,300 coupon clippers, some of whom suggested that he resign (or take a pay cut) because of his dust-up with the White House, the \$500,000-a-year board chairman gave the floor to an unidentified lady stockholder whose hand



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was raised. She just wanted to thank him, she said "for the humiliation with which you have conducted this meeting."

Amiable Actor **Michael Wilding**, 49, who once wistfully complained, "It's the tyrants who seem to make a success of marriage," was ready to write off his third try as a flop (his second was with Liz Taylor). Flying into London to begin divorce proceedings was onetime interior decorator Susan Nell Wilding, who has been wed four times herself. "The grounds will be adultery," said she offhandedly. "I shall be naming someone, but right now I've forgotten whom."

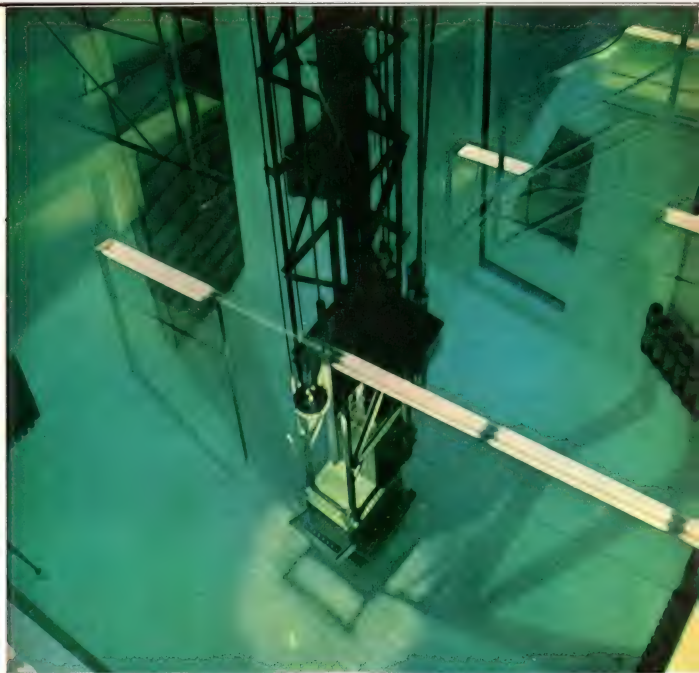
New York has lots of pretty girls with lots of pretty diamonds. But even the *Daily News*, which keeps a jeweler's loupe on such things, was surprised by the smiling lass who turned up on its pages. She was **Rhoda Gilbert**, 28, a subsonic mem-



RHODA GILBERT
Diamonds in the ruff.

ber of the Manhattan-French Riviera jet set, and she seemed to have more lattes than anyone else—\$734,000 worth recently delivered by Cartier on approval. Now Cartier wanted them back because dear Rhoda was separating from her husband, a lumberman-financier, and he wasn't even half trying to pony up. Rhoda pouted, Cartier rushed to court. Reluctantly, Rhoda returned two black pearls, 21 emeralds, 68 diamonds and said: "I'm issuing a statement through my lawyer saying that I'm shocked."

Félix Houphouët-Boigny (pronounced Hoo-f'wet B'wa-nyee), 56, first President of the newly independent Ivory Coast republic, steamed into Manhattan for a 10-day visit that will include aid-and-trade talks with President Kennedy. At his side aboard the *France* was one of the West African state's major national assets: his wife of ten years, **Marie-Thérèse**, 31, a Junoesque, French-schooled fashion plate who was training for a career as a social worker when Houphouët-Boigny talked her into marrying him.



Atomic research at the University of Puerto Rico, in Mayagüez. Photograph by Tom Hulsman.

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EDUCATION

Family Talk

Not long ago, the girls at Vassar College had rules governing everything from smoking to being chaperoned. Now Vassar's 1,450 almost-adolescent girls hustle off alone to New Haven, Yale men streak into Poughkeepsie, and everyone freely (or almost) trips across the road for martinis. Yet if behavior has changed, the school's general criterion regarding it has not: the student handbook says, "The college expects every student to uphold the highest standards." While reviewing the book last fall, the student government got to wondering: What are the "highest standards" nowadays?

The girls asked President Sarah Gibson Blanding, 63, the gentle Kentucky lady who has run Vassar for 16 years (and will retire in 1964). Miss Blanding might have answered lightly. But in part because she was indignant at magazine articles condoning sexual experimentation, she stood up at a compulsory assembly and got explicit.

It is dishonorable not only to get drunk and disorderly, said she, but also to have premarital sexual relations—on or off the campus, Vassar College, she added, does not and will not condone "offensive or vulgar behavior." Any student unable to live up to "decent" standards should withdraw before she is asked to leave.

When she made this pronouncement a month ago, Miss Blanding sparked a red-hot campus debate. Is a Vassar girl's sex life any of Vassar's business? Vassar's weekly *Miscellany News* took a poll. It showed that 52% of Vassar girls loyally lacked Miss Blanding. "The college must take a stand for the dignity of young women," explained one of them. "Drunkness and premarital relations mean a gap in one's responsibility toward society." But 40% of the girls dissented. "If the speech were taken seriously," said one girl, "probably two-thirds of

the students would withdraw." Said another: "If Vassar is to become the Poughkeepsie Victorian Seminary for Young Virgins, then the change of policy had better be made explicit in admissions catalogues." More to the point, the question of whether personal morals concern Vassar only when they bring the college into "public disrepute" got an affirmative answer from 81% of the students.

Because Miss Blanding's lecture was a kind of private family talk, it went unreported until the *Miscellany News* poll caught the eager attention of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Last week the *Trib*, with other papers falling in line, played the story big, in recognition of the fact that women's-college presidents who dare to insist on old-fashioned chastity for their girls are fairly rare nowadays. Having won cheers from almost every Vassar parent, Miss Blanding was undaunted. Said she: "The girls wanted to know what the standards were. I told them."

The Communist Shortage

"Anyone willing to put forth the Communist line can get an invitation from a college," says Sam Kushner, Illinois correspondent for *The Worker*. Last week alone, Party Boss Gus Hall made two speeches at the universities of Chicago and Wisconsin. National Secretary Ben Davis earlier drew 6,000 students for a speech at the University of Minnesota. The Communist lecture bureau in New York City is beside itself in gleeful culling of invitations from some 100 campuses this year, against two dozen or so last year.

When they win a podium, the Communists deliver set pieces praising "socialist life," denouncing segregation and U.S. nuclear testing. But most intensively these days, they attack the Internal Security Act of 1950, which requires the U.S. Communist Party to register as an arm of the Soviet Union. Now under indictment for



DAVIS AT UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
Hardly ever so popular.

failing to do so, the party leaders are merrily raking over what Gus Hall calls "this monstrous law," which, he insists, "actually provides for concentration camps."

Why do students listen? Hall hopefully attributes the Red boomlet to student interest in hearing what a live Communist actually says as compared with what the new far-rightists say he says. More exactly, U.S. colleagues are more curious about everything political—and the Communists are splendid teachers. One University of Minnesota official reported after Ben Davis' appearance: "They learned that when these people speak, they hang themselves by what they say."

The New McCoy

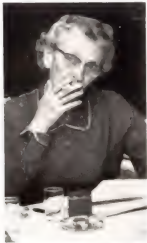
The current boom in "continuing education" is such that many U.S. campuses enroll far more part-time adult students than full-time undergraduates. A case in point is McCoy College, the pioneering (1909) night division of Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University, which now has 6,000 students, nearly three times the university's daytime enrollment. McCoy's students mostly toil to upgrade themselves economically. Yet more and more yearn to go beyond bread-and-butter specialization. As one McCoy engineering graduate put it: "I'd like to take more courses in liberal arts. I'd like to be a person—not a machine that can work problems."

Last week Johns Hopkins, backed by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, announced a significant encouragement toward this goal: a new McCoy degree called master of liberal arts. Aimed at any qualified college graduate, regardless of his undergraduate major, it requires one full year of study (within five years) in "the history of ideas." Thus it contrasts with the research and specialization toward a Ph.D. that characterizes most master's degree work. It will consist largely of seminars in the humanities, social and natural sciences but McCoy's M.L.A. program will be no simple dip in middlebrow culture. Johns Hopkins plans to staff it with top scholars and hopes thereby to set a new standard for part-time study all over the U.S.

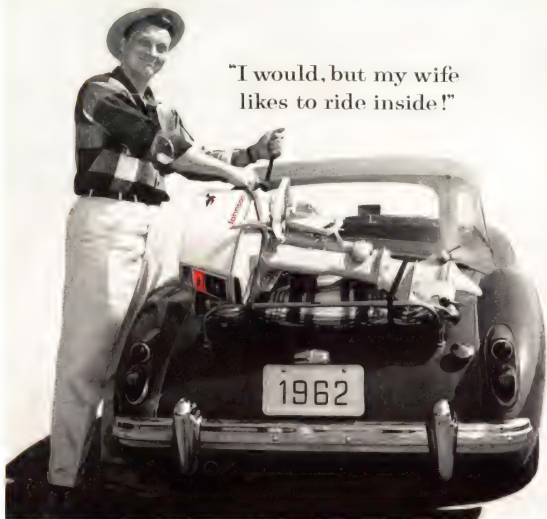


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SPORT

"Very Hard for a Racer"

On his bed in London's Atkinson Morley's Hospital, Stirling Moss drifted endlessly in and out of consciousness, talking dreamily in three languages about beautiful women and fast cars. "*Connie, vous êtes une belle fille. Vous êtes très sympathique.*" His head rolled restlessly. "*E molto difficile per un corridore—molto difficile* [It's very hard for a racer—very hard]." Suddenly he was lucid again, instantly transported to the scene of his own near-fatal crash in the Goodwood International Grand Prix fortnight ago. "It's bad, this crash," he said. "One hundred and twenty miles an hour. It's very bad. It was going so beautifully."

Doctors last week said that Moss had suffered a "severe bruising of the right side of the brain," and had a marked weakness on the left side of his body. "Recovery from the brain damage is likely to be a slow process, and there is a possibility that full recovery of function in the left arm and leg will not take place." What it meant was clear: only a slim chance remained to repair the shattered pieces of Moss's brilliant racing career.

Bull with a Delicate Air

In the chute at Calgary, Alta., the brindled bull with a big O branded on his left hip stood placidly while the long-legged cowpoke settled gingerly on his back. Benny Reynolds, professional rodeo's All-Around Champion, was frankly worried: "I couldn't believe that anything standing that gentle would buck enough to impress the judges." Then the gate swung open, and Reynolds learned better. Hoofs pounding, the old bull charged wildly into the arena, spun dizzily to his left, then suddenly reversed himself and spun to his right—and Cowboy Reynolds hit the dirt with a thump. "I looked up," recalls Reynolds, "and one of the clowns was snapping a lead rope on him. Another clown got on his back, and they led him out of the arena. It was downright degrading. But it was sort of comical, too."

The judge of a bucking bull is his meanness in the arena, and on that count, 14-year-old "Aught"—half Brahman, half Hereford—probably qualifies as the orneriest critter in captivity. Starting his 13th year on the rodeo circuit, he has been saddled with 482 riders—only six have managed to stay on his back for the required eight seconds. "Those six times, he must've been colicky," says one cowboy. The roster of Aught's conquests is the Who's Who of rodeo: Harry Tompkins (five-time world champion bull rider), Billy Hand, Gid Garstead, Pete Crump, Tex Martin, Larry Condon. Recalls Tompkins: "He was really spinning, and all of a sudden, after seven seconds, he sort of stopped and flung me right up on his horns. I was in bad shape, helpless—but he just turned his head, slipped me off and walked away."



AUGHT AT PLAY



AND AT WORK

Anything for a buck.

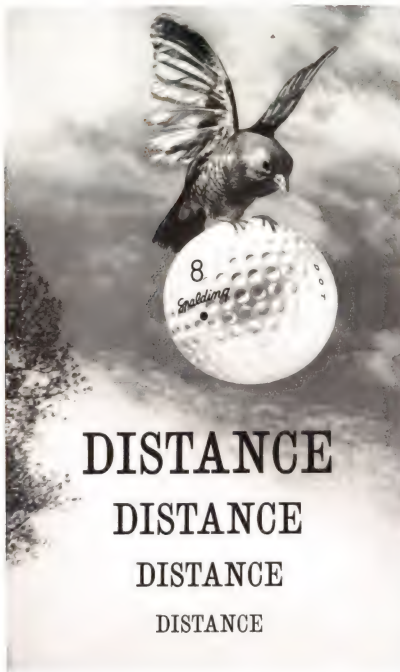
Tompkins had discovered the Ferdinand side of Aught's complex personality. Outside of working hours, he likes people. He certainly hates other bulls. "In 1950, when I bought him," says Aught's owner, Washington Stock Contractor Joe Kelsey, "I tried putting him in with the other bulls. He tore into them. I tried putting him in a separate corral, but that didn't work either. Corrals with a low fence, he'd charge right through, and when I put him in an arena with a six-foot fence, he'd jump right over it." Now Kelsey tethers Aught to a stake in the ground, far away from the bull corral, and there Aught benignly holds court for the youngsters of Tonasket, Wash. He lets them pet him, pull his ears and tail, feed him hay, clamber all over his broad back. "I'm never afraid of Aught getting mean with people," says Owner Kelsey. "Heck, he's our family pet."

Bug with an Arm

Even in tolerant Los Angeles, Robert ("Bo") Belinsky is regarded as a character with a capital K—for Kook. A peripatetic minor-league with a blazing fastball, a reputation for wildness, and a record of nine wins, ten losses at Little Rock, Pitcher Belinsky was called up to the Angels' training camp this spring. He reported nine days late, explaining that he had been playing in a pool tournament in Trenton, N.J. No sooner was he in camp than he held a press conference—to complain about his \$6,000 minimum contract. "Hell, I know I'm a rookie," said Belinsky, graciously. "I even got my hair cut so I'd look like one. But baseball is like pool. If you're playing for five cents a point, you don't do nothing. When it gets up to five or ten bucks, then you turn it on." General Manager Fred Haney was bewildered. "Belinsky," he ventured, "is a bug."

Standing Ovation. Last week Haney was struggling to eat his words gracefully. The fired-up Angels were basking in the first division, and Leftyhand Belinsky was the hottest pitcher in baseball. His fastball whistling across the heart of the plate, his curve and screwball nipping the corners, the rookie had won four straight games, and his earned-run average was a miserly 1.55, best in the majors. For good measure, against the Baltimore Orioles fortnight ago, he pitched the American League's first no-hitter in four seasons. Seat cushions rained on the field, and 15,886 fans gave him a five-minute standing ovation. Belinsky was already thinking ahead. "If I'm lucky," he mused, "I might win 15 games this season. Twenty seems like too much—a fantasy. I don't think any rookie ever won 20 games. But then, not many rookies ever pitched a no-hitter either."

If pure brass is the stuff that 20-game winners are made of, 25-year-old Bo Belinsky should have a great year. The son of a Trenton laborer, he skipped high school baseball because "you had to be a hot dog to play on our team at Trenton. I couldn't go for that 'yes sir, no sir' bit or all that 'win for the old red-and-black, sis, boom, bah.'" After working two years in an overhaul factory and playing sandlot ball on the side, Bo grabbed a pitching job with the Class D, Brunswick, Ga., Pirates, a Pittsburgh farm club. The pay, \$185 a month. "A ridiculously low price," he says. "But I was looking for some place in the sun, some place I could get a tan. I figured I'd go down there and see what it was like. It was awful—a lousy little hotel room with rubber pancakes for breakfast. So, one day, I went to the manager. I said, 'Look, you're from Pennsylvania. I'm from Jersey. Let's not kid ourselves—Georgia's a different country. I want out.'" Belinsky's transfer was arranged—



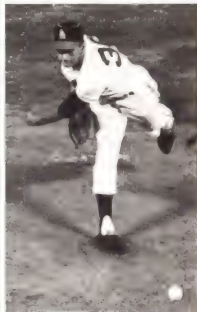
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SPALDING
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to the Dublin, Ga., Irish. Says Belinsky: "I went home."

Home turned out to be a job hauling clay in a pottery factory, and Belinsky quickly went back to baseball, became a kind of minor-league Flying Dutchman. He pitched at Pensacola, Fla., Knoxville, Tenn., Aberdeen, S.D., Amarillo, Texas, Stockton, Calif., and back at Pensacola again. In 1958, he got a tryout with the Baltimore Orioles, along with Pitcher Steve Dalkowski, possessor of the wildest arm in baseball (TIME, July 18, 1960). Recalls Belinsky: "They were treating him like Gentleman Jim. 'You room with Dalkowski,' they tell me. So we go to the hotel room, and there's one bed. His. So I call the secretary, and I say, 'Where do



PITCHER BELINSKY
Something of a screwball.

you want me to sleep? On the floor?" He says, "It won't hurt you for one night." Well, it hurt all right. I got in the car and went back to Jersey." Last winter, after his 50-50 season with Little Rock, Belinsky pitched winter-league ball in Venezuela, added a screwball to his repertory, and finished the season with a record of 13-5. More impressive still was his overall year's record of 380 strike-outs in 360 innings. The hard-up Angels gave him a call.

Candy-Apple Caddy. In Los Angeles, Rookie Belinsky drives a candy-apple Caddy convertible, spends his spare time bird watching at Malibu and twisting in Sunset Strip nightclubs. (He is the self-elected twist champion of Venezuela.) The Angels are indulgent—so long as he continues to pitch effectively. Says Angel Manager Bill Rigney: "I can only say with the rest of the team: 'Great!'" Even Belinsky is inclined to be tolerant. "I don't think I'll ask for a raise any more," he says. "No, I'll let them come and ask me to take one."



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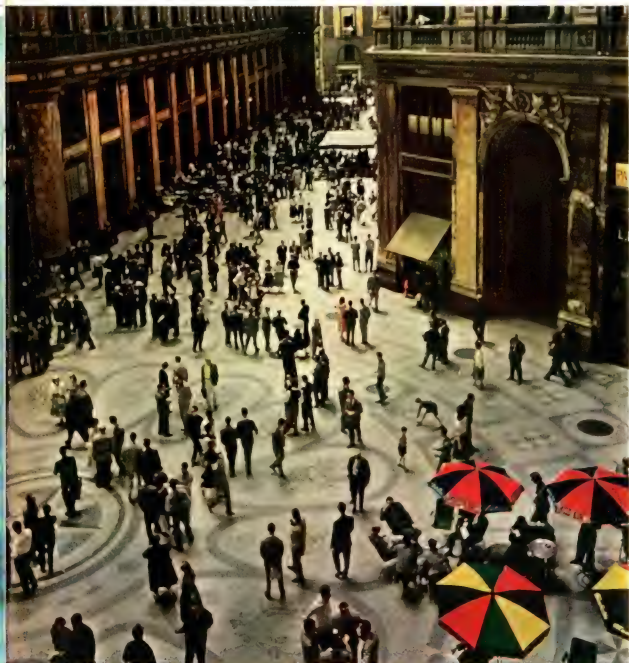


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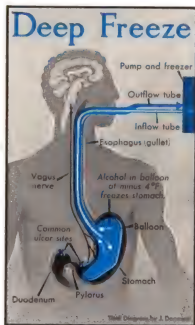


MEDICINE

Frozen Ulcers

Most of the nation's 2,500,000 peptic ulcer victims get a measure of relief from bland diets and from tablets and emulsions that neutralize excess stomach acid. But there are tens of thousands who have been forced to submit to more drastic treatment and have had part of their stomachs cut out. In the future, such radical operations may not be necessary. Dr. Owen H. Wangensteen and his inventive research team at the University of Minnesota Hospitals have devised a method of avoiding operations (gastrectomies) simply by giving the stomach a short, quick dose of deep freezing.

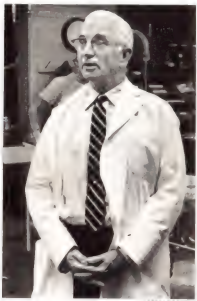
Though Dr. Wangensteen pioneered in gastrectomies, did hundreds in 35 years.



he was never fully satisfied with the results. Too many patients had such severe and persistent discomfort that though they kept on taking antacids freely, they still did not get enough relief. They were forced to eat little and often. But while treating patients for bleeding stomach ulcers, Surgeon Wangensteen and his research team got an idea. Chilling the stomach checked both the flow of digestive juices and bleeding. Why not deepen the chilling to the freezing state, knock out the stomach's acid factory more completely, and give the patient relief for months or years? The technique should then be a boon to the almost 10% of peptic ulcer cases whose ulcers are in the duodenum (the next lower unit of the digestive tract) cutting down the flow of corrosive juices at their source in the stomach itself would keep them from eating into any part of the lower intestinal wall.

Rock-Hard. After tests on 150 dogs, the Minneapolis doctors were ready to try the technique in man. Now, one of Dr. Wangensteen's ulcer patients, who has had no food for 15 hours to make sure that his stomach is empty, sits in a chair and gets a local anesthetic sprayed into his throat. He then feels little discomfort as the surgeon shoves a rubber balloon down his throat, through his gullet and into his stomach. Cold absolute alcohol drips into the balloon through attached tubing until the patient feels his stomach distended, as though after a heavy meal. Then he lies on a table and pumping begins.

The tubing—which is actually one tube inside another—permits the frigid liquid ($-4^{\circ}\text{F}.$) to be pumped in and out, constantly recoiled and recirculated, until



SURGEON WANGENSTEEN
And no frostbite of the tongue.

the stomach is frozen to rocklike hardness. But most patients, though fully conscious feel no discomfort. "Strangely," a Wangensteen team member told the American Surgical Association last week, "no patient has complained of the cold tube in his mouth or throat. Nor has any evidence of frostbite of the tongue been observed."

The alcohol coolant is run through the balloon for an hour. Then, after five minutes for thawing, the balloon is pulled out. The patient can get up at once and leave the hospital or clinic. Within two hours he can eat a hearty meal.

No Message. For a year, Wangensteen and his assistants have done no gastrectomies on patients with severe but uncomplicated duodenal ulcers.* All 31 patients who went to the hospital expecting to be

* In some complicated cases and, ironically, in many more where the ulcer is in the stomach itself, operations are still preferable to freezing.



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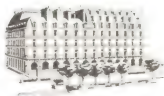
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cut open gladly chose the proffered alternative of freezing, and are happy they did. Though their output of gastric juices has been drastically reduced, they suffer no indigestion. And all their ulcers healed within two to six weeks. The freezing achieves its effect not only by knocking out the fluid-producing cells in the stomach wall, but also by killing the network of vagal nerve endings that carry messages of hunger to the stomach. So, the Minneapolis team believes, freezing should rule out the need for most vagotomies (nerve-cutting operations), which have been done for the same purpose as gastrectomies and often combined with them.

If the stomach regains too much of its acid-producing power, as it may in a few months, patients may have their stomachs quick-frozen again. And, insists Dr. Wangenstein, most of them could walk in off the street, get the treatment as outpatients, and go back to work.

The Patients' Perils

Though New York City has an abundance of doctors and an unusually strict hospital code, publication last week of a searching two-year survey by acknowledged medical experts showed that many of the city's residents still get incompetent care and are subjected to unnecessary surgery. After studying the medical records of Teamsters' Union members and their families admitted to 101 hospitals, a team headed by Columbia University's Dr. Ray E. Trussell,* concluded that:

- Overall, only 57% of the patients received good or excellent care; for 20%, care was fair, and for 23%, it was poor.
- Patients fared best in nonprofit hospitals where medical and surgical services are supervised by medical school faculties (which includes most of the city's largest hospitals); in hospitals run for profit, the care was good or excellent for only 39%, and poor for 43%.
- One-fifth of hospital admissions were unnecessary.
- Among 60 cases in which the uterus was removed, there were 20 in which the operation should not have been done; five more were questionable.

Doctors rarely criticize one another's work, but the experts' report was studded with such angry comments as: "Bad medicine," "completely unjustified surgery," "appalling," "scandalous," "a shocking case—a gross violation of medical ethics." Ironically, 80% of the patients had thought they were getting the best of care. It was ironic, too, that the study was started because of concern over the high costs of medical care, and ended in far more shocking observations about low quality.

The Columbia group made the \$60,000 investigation for a trust fund representing both labor (164,000 teamsters) and management (which pays for the insurance that covers the teamsters' hospitalization and most of their physicians' and surgeons' fees).

* Director of Columbia's School of Public Health now on leave to do a cleanup job as Mayor John F. Wagner's commissioner of hospitals.



90's again, according to predictions of the Weather Bureau in all sections of the country. This means we can expect at least several months of blistering heat and stifling humidity.

The bureau said that the temperature was expected to boil up in the 90's and the outlook for the year was to be in the same

thermometer has hovered in the 90's in the cities—and at the beach— and the humidity index stays in the 90's. The protection was offset by the fact that the metro area was expected to be protected from the whole

prediction of hot, dry weather. The Weather Bureau was no chance of a hot summer after Indian

Weather Bureau said the heat index is not as hot as it indicates. That, while the heat index is in other parts of the country, it is not as hot as it indicates. That, while the heat index is in other parts of the country, it is not as hot as it indicates.

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fees). The types of cases studied were carefully restricted to those on which good doctors rarely disagree about what treatment is proper and best. This left little room for argument. And there could be no argument at all in cases of unnecessary Caesarean deliveries, or of Caesareans poorly performed. Some patients, the study group found, underwent drastic surgery without even having had necessary laboratory tests beforehand. Others, after admission to a hospital, waited longer for their operations than they should have.

Unnecessary operations, which are profitable to the hospital and doctors but not to the patient, were more common in the profit-making hospitals. One of the first results of the report was that Commissioner Trussell tightened the city's already close rein on profit hospitals; now they will get only month-to-month licenses, which means far more frequent inspections. Though no such penetrating study has yet been made outside New York City, medical experts noted that across the country hospital codes are generally looser. Nationwide hospital treatment is generally no better than it is in New York, and in many places, worse.

Worms, Men & Memory

The research subjects ranged from cannibalistic flatworms to elderly patients in a Canadian psychiatric hospital. But both the psychiatrists and the flatworm fanciers were working with the same basic stuff: ribonucleic acid (RNA), which seems to be the chemical paper that carries the imprint of animal and human memories. Learned reports on the widely varied projects last week contained startling but strangely similar suggestions for the future. Some day, said the worm workers, students may be able to take their lessons in tablet form. Some day, said the psychiatrists, an old man's failing memory may be rejuvenated in much the same way.

A Boost from Yeast. Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, imaginative and resourceful head of Montreal's famed Allan Memorial Institute, was impressed by the fact that as his patients grew older, the amount of RNA in their cells decreased. Although the plausible theory that the imprint of memory is reflected in changes in RNA molecules (TIME, Feb. 10, 1961) has not yet been proved, Dr. Cameron wondered whether patients with memory defects might be helped by booster doses of RNA.

Human RNA was not available, so Dr. Cameron settled for a similar chemical: RNA extracted from a yeast. Repeated massive, intravenous doses gave the patients stomach upsets and cramps, which required additional medical treatment. But patients suffering from hardening of the brain's arteries and a group classed as presenile showed marked improvement in their memory of recent events. More advanced cases (listed as senile) got no better. Dr. Cameron told the Society of Biological Psychiatry, but he and his researchers are encouraged. They are working on ways to reduce RNA's undesirable side effects and are trying a tablet form.

Because his investigations called for far



RESEARCHER McCONNELL & SUBJECT
It might work with bookworms too.

more liberties than can be taken with human subjects, the University of Michigan's Psychologist James V. McConnell, 36, turned to flatworms (Planaria), regarded as the most primitive creatures capable of true "learning." In 150 to 250 lessons, the worms learned that the flashing on of an electric light meant that they should contract and brace themselves for an electric shock. With this Pavlovian conditional reflex, high-IQ flatworms heeded the light warning and contracted 23 times out of 25.

From Tail to Head. When a flatworm is cut into two or more pieces, each piece grows into a whole new flatworm. Dr. McConnell and colleagues found that the cut-off part of an educated flatworm passes on much of its learning to the whole worm into which it grows. More surprising, the tails showed as much memory retention as the heads—often more.

This suggested a chemical change, and Dr. McConnell reasoned that it ought to be possible to educate preschool flatworms by feeding them the proper memory chemicals. He and Assistant Barbara Humphries chopped up some well-trained worms and fed the pieces by hand to un-schooled animals. The cannibals learned by eating; when they went to light-and-shock school, they proved to be flatworm prodigies; they learned twice as fast as cannibal worms fed on uneducated meat.

McConnell and colleagues are now trying to extract RNA and capture the flatworm's tail-end chemical memory. They feel sure that if they succeed, some enterprising drug company will be able to synthesize the modified RNA. "If transfer of memory should be valid for man as well as worm," said Dr. McConnell as he indulged in a flight of fancy at a San Francisco conference, "why should we waste all the knowledge a distinguished professor has accumulated, simply because he's reached retirement age?"



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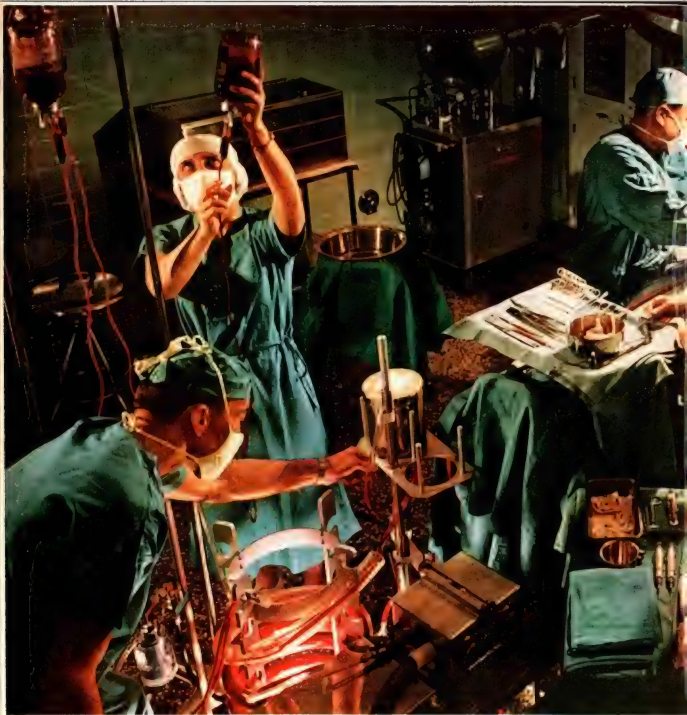
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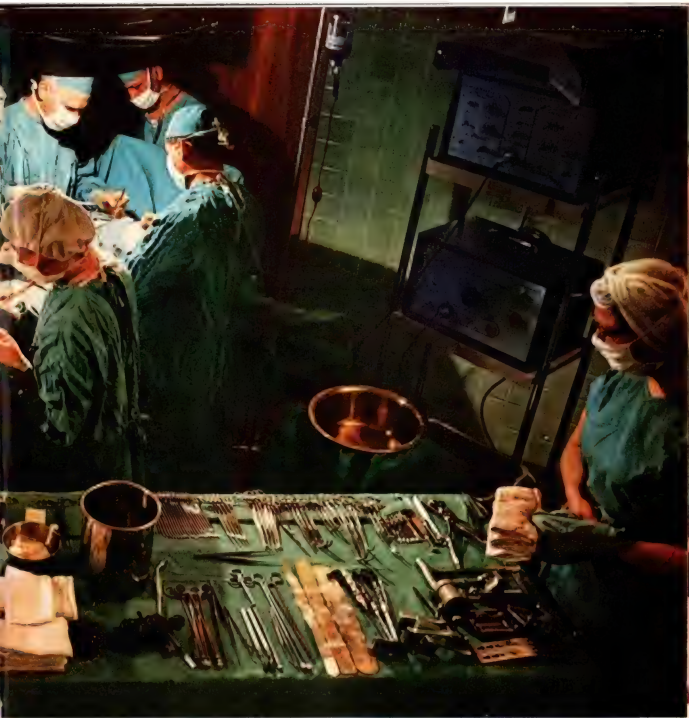
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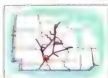
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SHOW BUSINESS

CIRCUSES

Goodbye, Tom Thumb

As the Big Top has given way to the hardtop, the circus (TIME, April 13) has undergone many a change. But nothing has changed more than its co-attraction, the sideshow. Once a traveling chamber of biological horrors, it has now been tamed into a sort of Ed Sullivan variety show with cotton candy and Cracker Jack. Rationalizing the metamorphosis is Nate Eagle, 62, the corpulent, mustachioed talker and general manager of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's sideshow. Says horn-voiced Eagle: "You don't find freaks in sideshows any more. You find strange people, odd people, unusual people—sword swallows, tattooed people, strongmen, magicians, escape artists, ventriloquists, or men who can walk up a ladder of swords. But no freaks."

Part of the change, according to Eagle, is due to advances in medicine and science. Mercifully missing are geeks ("Always some poor ugly fellow who was mentally unbalanced. Nowadays he would be in some rehabilitation center"), the Porcupine Man, or the Bird Girl with "skin as rough as a turkey's foot and a downy fuzz of body hair." Says Eagle: "If somebody now is born with short arms, you don't put him in a sideshow and bill him as the Seal Boy or the Frog Boy; you try to make his arms as normal as possible."

Lost Midgets. Particularly noticeable nowadays is the shortage of midgets. The little people have always been Eagle's specialty, and he feels an almost paternal responsibility for them. Midgets, like giants, are sometimes caused by a malfunctioning of the pituitary gland, and now most such defects are remedied medically.

Eagle, who once towered over a troupe of 18 little people, now has to make do with only one midget—Felix, the smallest Perfect Man—who sells the World's Tiniest Bible for 25¢. The sideshow's giant, Eddie Carmel—the World's Largest Giant—allows children to take a huge ring off his finger for 25¢ a take. They get to keep the ring—Eddie's supply is endless. According to Eagle, Carmel would be 18 inches taller than he looks if he could straighten up; he is billed at straightened-up height (3 ft. 9 in.) anyway.

Older & Wiser. These modest attractions give klaxon-larynxed Eagle no opportunity to launch into the splendor of his oldtime spiel: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I invite your undivided attention to the most amazing attraction ever presented for the edification of the citizens of your fair city I come closer, please, so that I may describe this educational exhibit to you in the confidential tones most appropriate for information of this nature." I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to the biological, yes, the anatomical wonder of the age: Jo Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy from deep in the heart of the jungles of Madagascar. . . . He crawls on his belly like a rep-tile. . . ."

Eagle blames the new tame look in sideshows on that old folk-culture killer, television. People are wiser (and perhaps sadder too) and won't take bamboozling with the good humor of a more innocent time. Says the Last of the Great Carny Talkers, with monumental sadness: "There just isn't any such thing as a rube or a hick these days."

PERSONALITIES

Innocent Abroad

"I'm happy to be in Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity," he told his audience of Muslims and Jews. "If I had to buy a town, it would be Nazareth." His manner was a winning confection of good will and grandeur—like a maharajah at a



SINATRA IN JERUSALEM

Like a Rat who had deserted the Pack.

mahouts' outing. His new friends in Israel and Japan called him "a nice gentle guest" and "a tough dandy." Back home, his old friends were only left to wonder: Who is this prince of charity, this prophet of peace, this generous, sober, chaste diplomat, this new Frank Sinatra?

Peace & Welfare. Sinatra says he felt the first stirrings of philanthropy four years ago, decided on charity concert tours to raise money for orphanages. "As an overprivileged adult, I'd like to help underprivileged children," he announced. Last week he was midway on a six-week tour that will swing through seven nations. First stop was Japan, where his three concerts drew members of the imperial family, U.S. Ambassador Reischauer, and scrambling crowds. Proceeds of his week's work were \$28,000, which he gave to Tokyo, asking that it be used to help 60 orphanages for Eurasian children.

With that he was off for Israel, where he had signed up for the longest stop of the tour. With the naive wit of an Ambassador from Coldwater Canyon, he cheerfully explained his presence: "As a

fairly rebellious citizen of another country, I have watched Israel's development with admiration. I have a lot of Jewish friends, and I grew up in a neighborhood of Negroes and Jews where the atmosphere was not so good."

In a busy nine days, he chatted with Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion ("Why must girls serve in the Israeli army?"), secured the key to Nazareth and a silver-embossed Bible, broke ground for the Frank Sinatra International Friendship Youth House ("I never thought a school would be named for me"), held gracious receptions and swung through nine concerts. By week's end, his voice was scratchy and tired, and he set off for a seven-day cruise to the Isle of Rhodes on a chartered yacht before his next round of appearances in Greece and Italy.

Everywhere he went, his tune was the same: "I want to try to change things, to



IN JAPAN

use whatever influence I have for welfare, peace and the brotherhood of man." Everywhere he was on his best behavior. In Japan, he ignored geisha comforts for the sake of solemn discussions of international politics. In Israel, he drank honeyed tea, spent evenings visiting kibbutz farmers, mornings sunning himself in the private glory of red pajamas.

Sinatra's Hollywood detractors dismiss the charity tour as a stunt to camouflage his unappealing Rat Pack image. His last two films have been box office successes, but critically, they were far below Sinatra's standard. Then, too, he has sailed rough weather lately. Juliet Prowse left him, mournfully considering his receding hairline. Worse, President Kennedy shattered Frank when, on his recent visit to California, he opted for Bing Crosby's Palm Springs digs instead of the new "Presidential Wing." Sinatra had tacked onto his own Palm Springs home in great expectations.

Death of the Clan. At 46, Sinatra is more alone now than since the days before his *From Here to Eternity* success made

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him a late-blooming perennial. Of the Clan, only Dean Martin and Mike Romanoff remain: Peter Lawford (whom Sinatra now snubs) is in a dark sulk. Sammy Davis is a family man. In his new flair for long talks with newsmen, he has conceded that only a few years remain for him as a performer.

For all that, he is still close to the top of the Hollywood heap. His record company grossed \$4,600,000 last year, and the range of movie roles that await him is broad and reassuring. His friends insist that there is no new Sinatra, that the new innocent abroad is only the old Sinatra with the old resentments stripped away. And overseas, the tour's inspiration matters less than the good it does.

HOLLYWOOD

Alfred, Squeeze Me a Grape

A farmer is found dead, and blood streams from his empty eye sockets. A flock of birds swoops down on children returning alone from school. Slowly, the people of the town realize that the birds have declared war on them. Soon dark flights sweep down everywhere, pecking the helpless to death—and corpses soon become skeletons. Great winged armies form—crows, hawks, seagulls, ravens, eagles, finches, starlings. The birds swoop down chimneys, chip through windows even doors, whipping every corner with angry wings. There is nowhere to hide. No one is safe.

No one except Alfred Hitchcock, the birds' strategist and director. "It makes me tired just watching them," he says surveying the work of the millions of birds he has cast in his new horror movie *The Birds*. "Thank goodness I'm only paying them bird seed."

Flying Actors. Hitchcock's fantasy—loosely based on a chilling novella by Daphne du Maurier—promises to be up to his exacting standards of blood and gore, and to accomplish its frightening turns he has plucked his own "tree-ee money" into the elaborately detailed production. He had 700 birds trapped and trained, and spent meticulous hours coaxing them to become flying actors.

For a scene in which a band of schoolchildren is attacked, trained birds are used to fly menacingly close to the running children; mechanical birds, who peck at innocent napes, have been stitched to coat collars. Then four different strips of film are superimposed and cut into each other, drawing migratory flights photographed far away into the attack. Tippi Hedren, Hitchcock's new "classic beauty" discovery, is attacked by coveys of birds and desperately bats them off with a flashlight; to shoot the minute-long sequence six days were required—with a dozen trained birds attacking, plenty of stuffed birds for Tippi to swat; the final illusion shows 500 birds swarming over her.

"Birds make excellent heavies," Hitchcock says glowingly. "After all, they've been put in cages, shot at, and shoved into ovens for centuries. It's only natural they should fight back. Many people are

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terrified of them. Once the picture is released, it may do wonders for cat sales and the scarecrow market."

Closed Set. "I'm amazed at the reasoning power of the crow," says Bird Trainer Ray Berwick, a raven perched on the top of his head. "Crows are the chimpanzees of birds. The hardest to train and catch are the hawks and eagles. You could teach them to hunt and kill, but they know it already. But you can't teach them any tricks." The seagulls have turned out to be the most fierce; Berwick and an assistant have been badly pecked. Berwick has taught the gulls to fly at an actor's head, clobber him with a wing, and circle back for another pass (or a retake). But his favorite is a crow named Nosey, which he has trained to fetch his car keys, bring the morning paper, even put a cigarette in his mouth and light it for him. Berwick can start Nosey half a



HITCHCOCK & HEAVY
Bird seed, and that's all

block away from the camera and get him to fly right into the lens.

Much of the film was shot on location at Bodega Bay, a Pacific-front hamlet 60 miles north of San Francisco. In Hollywood now, the company works within a polyethylene bag that completely surrounds the set, preventing the birds from flying into light banks and catwalks. Grips entice the birds back and forth across the set with food; air jets on the cameras are used to coax the birds away from the lens, and other blasts of air are used to set them flapping about wildly on cue. Humane Society observers hover around to make sure "the birds don't get too tired."

The gory scenes, of course, hold the greatest fascination for Hitchcock. In some scenes, actors smear their hands with hamburger, put their hands over their eyes and timidly wait for the birds to peck at them. "There will be some fine scenes of birds pecking people's eyes out," Hitchcock says with relish. "I can see it now—squeezed grapes hanging down the cheeks."



"Judy Garland says Air France is fabulous. She's right!"

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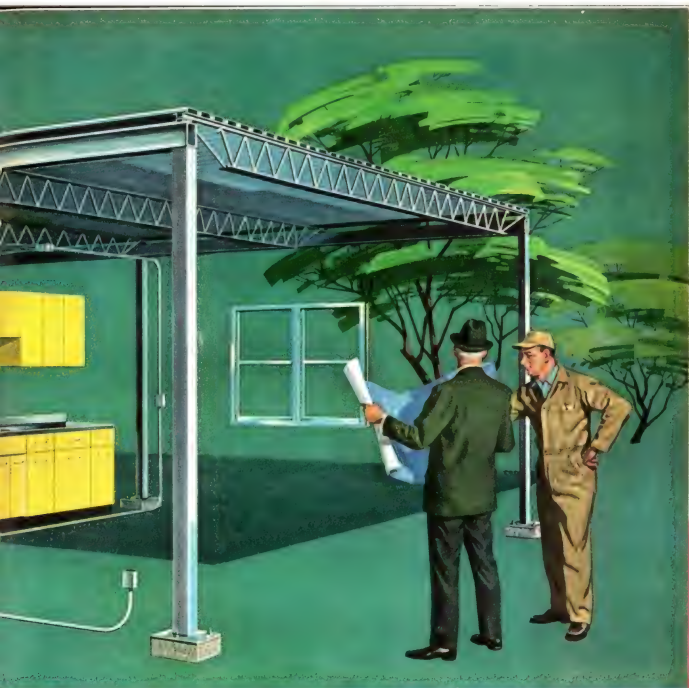


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before his Ford Wagon will need servicing !**

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New Falcon Ford Deluxe Wagon. Nation's best-selling 4-door compact wagon...king-size loadspace is over seven feet long...top economies.

Features of the future now from America's station wagon specialists



THE PRESS

One Down, One to Go

Detroit's seventh newspaper strike in as many years ended last week, after 28 newspaperless days. As usual, everybody was a loser; the settlement represented a compromise that made neither side very happy, and the city's readers were faced with the unpleasant chore of catching up on events that had slipped past them during the last month. Meantime, in Minneapolis, the strike against the *Star* and *Tribune* (TIME, May 11) entered its fifth week, with the end not yet in sight.

Hail to the Loser

With total predictability, the names of this year's Pulitzer prizewinners* were emblazoned in the nation's press last week. As usual, the awards evoked everything from applause to astonishment (see next story). Ironically, what made the big news was a Pulitzer non-prizewinner.

By unanimous vote, the Pulitzer Advisory Board handed the "distinguished biography" award (\$500) to William A. Swanberg's *Citizen Hearst* (Scribner; \$7.50), a meticulously impartial study of the Hearst publishing empire's progenitor. Instead of ratifying the board's choice, however, trustees of New York's Columbia University chose to overrule it by awarding no biography prize at all.

Popping a Precedent. Never before in Pulitzer history have Columbia's trustees vetoed a board recommendation, and never before have the annual Pulitzer prizes failed to anoint a biographer. To compound the mystery, the trustees popped their veto without bothering to inform anyone—even the advisory board—in advance. Then, as questions flew, the trustees took refuge in silence.

In countermarching the board, the trustees were within their rights. By the letter of Joseph Pulitzer's will, which founded the annual prize contest, Swanberg's biography seems patently disqualified on subject matter alone: William Randolph Hearst was hardly noted for teaching

o Drama: *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*; fiction: Edwin O'Connor's *The Edge of Sadness*; nonfiction: Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President 1960*; history: Lawrence Gilpin's *The Triumphant Empire*; verse: Alan Dugan; music: Robert Ward's opera, *The Crucible*; public service by a newspaper: Panama City (Fla.) *News-Herald*; editorial writing: Thomas Stofko of the Santa Barbara (Calif.) *News-Press*; local reporting under deadline: Robert Mullins of the Salt Lake City *Deseret News-Tribune*; local reporting not under deadline: George Bliss of the Chicago *Tribune*; national reporting: Nathan Caldwell and Gene Graham of the Nashville *Tennessean*; international reporting: Walter Lippmann; cartoon: Edmund S. Valtman of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*; news photography: Paul Vathis of the A.P.

† Reminiscent of a 1941 incident in which Columbia President Nicholas Murray Butler coldly refused to let his colleagues on the board send the trustees their choice for the fiction prize: *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Ernest Hemingway's controversial novel about the Spanish Civil War.

"patriotic and unselfish services to the people." But if such literal considerations guided the trustees, they stood on shaky ground. They had, after all, endorsed the board's decision to bestow the drama prize on *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, a Broadway musical that for all its merits as a polished farce hardly meets Joseph Pulitzer's injunction to "represent in marked fashion the educational value and power of the stage."

The advisory board took defeat gracefully. With a nice impartiality, Columbia's President Grayson Kirk voted for



AUTHOR SWANBERG
A delightful veto.

the Swanberg book in his capacity as an advisory board member, then voted against it as a trustee. "I don't see why the trustees should be a rubber stamp," said Board Member—and Atlanta Constitution Publisher—Ralph McGill.

Classic Comment. But dissenting voices were raised, among them those of Advisory Board Members Kenneth MacDonald, editor of the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune*, and Editor Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor*. "My idea," said Canham, "is whether this is a good biography, not passing judgment on Mr. Hearst himself. Maybe this category ought to be redefined."

Maybe. But no such suggestion came from Loser Swanberg, or from his publisher. Both watched with satisfaction as sales of *Citizen Hearst* spurted, helped along by deliberately ambiguous ads: "We are delighted to hear that the Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board decided that this biography was the best published last year."

Stamina's Reward

For a distinguished example of local reporting in a United States newspaper, published daily, Sunday, or at least once a week, during the year, the test being the quality of local news stories written under the pressure of edition time.

—Pulitzer Prize category

It was the Fourth of July, and Robert David Mullins, the Salt Lake City *Deseret*

**No brush.
No lather.
No blades.
No blood.
No push.
No pull.
No bull.**



**All you get
is the shave
that's
rated best.**

A blade shaves skin; a Ronson CFL Mark II shaves beard (shaves it closer than any other electric shaver). \$23.50 buys you blades, razor, shaving creams, powders, brush and styptic pencils for a year's use. \$23.50 buys you a Ronson CFL Mark II for a lifetime. Ronson, of course, is the quickest of the electric shavers; far faster than blade and soap. ("I had a beard and I had a Ronson. In 2 minutes I had only a Ronson.") If you shave with a blade, test-shave a Ronson. Within a week, you won't use anything else. And you will know why Ronson is rated best* for closeness. Best for speed. And best for comfort.

*RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

RONSON

News correspondent in Price, Utah, a mining town 125 miles south of the state capital, was celebrating the holiday by watching his four-year-old daughter wave sparklers in the warm desert evening. Then the phone rang. Murder had been done in Monticello, a tiny village 150 miles away. Correspondent Mullins, whose beat covers four counties and 17,488 sq. mi., is thoroughly conditioned to long-distance assignments; he wasted no time getting to work.

On the way, Mullins stopped off in the town of Moab, and there he got word of an even juicier crime. Near by, on a mesa called Dead Horse Point, someone had waylaid a car of tourists from Connecticut, shot and wounded Charles Boothroyd, 55, shot and killed Mrs. Jeannette Sullivan, 41, and vanished into the desert with



WINNER MULLINS
A stunning honor.

Mrs. Sullivan's teen-age daughter Denise (TIME, July 14). Cursing his reportorial luck—the timing meant that the evening *Deseret News's* competitor, the morning *Tribune*, would print the story first—Correspondent Mullins forgot about Monticello and headed for Dead Horse Point.

Bad Timing. Time worked against Mullins and the *Deseret News* on nearly every important development of the case. The morning *Tribune* was so emphatically first with the murder-abduction that when Mullins' story appeared in the afternoon, it did not even rate column eight—the preferred Page One spot for the big story of the day. Once more, simply because it was a morning paper, the *Tribune* scooped the *Deseret News* on the apprehension of the killer. Even more embarrassing, the guilty man turned out to be one Abel Aragon, one of Mullins' neighbors back home in Price, who put a bul-

let in his head when FBI men stopped his car. "I never even suspected him," said Mullins ruefully, before stitching together what was by necessity largely an echo of the *Tribune's* earlier coverage.

Correspondent Mullins doggedly stayed with the case until the search for Denise Sullivan was called off (her body has not yet been found). He logged 1,800 miles—much of it driving the 500-mile round trip to Salt Lake City with photographs, "stamina," as Mullins himself put it, was about all the story required, and that Mullins had. At length, his stamina delivered a modest payoff. The reporter was with a search party in the desert when the murder gun was found one morning. Mullins begged the use of a mining company's two-way radio and flashed word of the discovery in time for the *Deseret News's* final edition.

Refreshing Candor. Last week the stamina of the *Deseret News's* Price correspondent paid off again—in a more handsome manner. For "distinguished" reporting under deadline pressure, Robert David Mullins won one of journalism's most coveted awards, a Pulitzer Prize. The *Deseret News*, which had been aching to even the score with the *Tribune*,⁸ knew just how to react: it plastered self-congratulations all over the paper. But hard-working Correspondent Mullins, who was scooped on the major portions of his story, could hardly understand what all the shouting was about. Said he with refreshing candor: "I'm stunned with disbelief."

Precious Coexistence

"Perhaps," said Whitney Shoemaker of the Associated Press diffidently, "you could comment for us on the press in general, as you see it from the Presidency—perhaps its treatment of your Administration, treatment of the issues of the day?"

"Well," said Kennedy, "I'm reading more and enjoying it less. And so on."

"But I have not complained, nor do I plan to make any general complaints. I just—I read and talk to myself about it, but I don't plan to issue any general statement of the press. I think that they are doing their task as a critical branch—a fourth estate. And I'm attempting to do mine. And we're going to live together for a period, and then go our separate ways."

How's That Again?

Professor Jay W. Jensen, head of the University of Illinois' journalism division, speaking on "Freedom of the Press" as the 1962 Nieman Chair lecturer at Milwaukee's Marquette University.

"What is most urgently required for the rehabilitation of the concept of freedom of the press is a new metaphysics—a metaphysics that will restore what Positivism, Romanticism, Collectivism, and other derivative isms have lately destroyed: an image of the Self as ontologically independent of Culture and existentially related to an objective order of values."

⁸ Which won a similar Pulitzer in 1968 for its coverage of the airline disaster over the Grand Canyon that took 128 lives.

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*RATINGS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

RONSON

ART



ANCIENT GREEK RELIEF SHOWS ZEUS, HERA, APOLLO & ARTEMIS

Bonanza at Vravron

The small Byzantine church on the site of ancient Vravron, 23 miles east of Athens, was in need of repair, and the task of supervising the job quite naturally fell to Archaeologist John Papadimitriou, director-general of Greece's Archaeological Services. As the work progressed, Papadimitriou began thinking about all the references to Vravron that he had read in the literature of ancient Greece. When he was finished with the church, he began to explore the grounds around. The result: an archaeological bonanza that since 1948 has brought to light 6,000 objects and statues, to make up what Papadimitriou claims is the most complete and beautiful collection in the world of small works of Greek art dating from the 5th and 6th centuries B.C.

Secret Stairs. The classical clues that Papadimitriou had to go on were as intriguing as they were vague. The historian Herodotus mentioned a temple of Artemis that flourished at Vravron. Aristophanes hinted at strange orgies. The rest was a tantalizing mixture of myths and the real civilization of the time. Euripides, in plays, described how Artemis rescued Iphigenia from being sacrificed by her father Agamemnon, and how later, at the behest of Athena, Iphigenia became Artemis' priestess at Vravron. She dwelt near some "holy stairs," and when she died, her grave was adorned "with braided gowns of softest weave" left to the shrine "by women dead with child."

Papadimitriou dug up some marble fragments, and these led him to the site

of Iphigenia's ceremonial tomb. As the years passed, the diggers came upon the temple, a Doric-columned stoa, even the secret staircase to which Euripides referred, as well as hundreds of mirrors, goblets, rings, vases, and small statues.

Though popularly known as the goddess of the hunt, Artemis was worshiped at Vravron as a protector of maternity. From a still legible book of offerings, Papadimitriou and his team confirmed that pregnant women left rings at the temple to secure protection, and that those who died in pregnancy or childbirth bequeathed to the goddess their most precious possessions.

Little Bears. The statues that the diggers found are mostly of small girls and boys, apparently used to embellish the temple. Who the boys may have been in real life remains a mystery. But about the girls more is known. They bore the title "Little Bears," for one of their duties was to perform a ritual dance dressed as bears to ward off a plague that according to legend was threatened by Artemis after her holy bear was killed by some Athenian children.

"For the first time," says Papadimitriou, "we can get a complete picture of the private life of ancient Athenians, especially the women." One relief from the stoa—as fine as anything that adorned the Parthenon—shows Zeus, Hera, Apollo and Artemis, all figures of commanding grace. But the statues of the children are the most endearing of the discoveries. For all the black talk of orgies, the boys and girls are sweetly innocent, fashioned with

gentle care by artists of extraordinary talent. They sing of youth, not just that of individuals but of Western civilization itself—"the spring aroma," says Papadimitriou, "of the land of Attica."

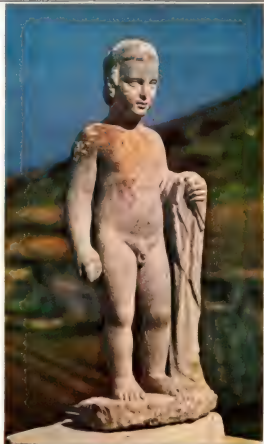
Blaring Harmony

Painter Stuart Davis is a small, rotund man who complains a good deal these days about not feeling too well. When asked specifically what ails him, he sweepingly announces, "I'm sick!" He may be—but the paintings in his current show at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery reflect a state of glowing health. They are young, bright, intense, and filled with the jazzy rhythms that have always been to Davis the pulse of modern life. In all his notable career, Davis at 67 has never seemed more vigorous.

To a large degree, modern art has been one long exercise in rebellion, and that has suited Davis' temperament perfectly. At 15 he joined a class run by Robert Henri, an "Ashcan School" painter who was in revolt against all the ready-made standards of beauty and proportion handed down year after year by the powerful Art Students League. Davis' next teacher was the 1913 Armory Show, which he saw when he was not yet 20. It was sheer emancipation to see that Van Gogh and Gauguin used color, not as nature had it, but almost arbitrarily in accordance with artistic instinct. Davis also discovered that "cubism allowed you to form the concept of the object as you saw it from different views." When he had absorbed the show, he knew what direction he would take: "I would be a mod-



HEAD OF A CHILD was one of thousands of objects found by Greek archaeologists 23 miles from Athens at site of shrine of goddess Artemis.



STATUE OF YOUNG BOY may represent a child brought to the temple to be consecrated to Artemis. All objects date from 7th century to 5th century B.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIS



GLASS PITCHERS, cleaned of grime, have preserved the dazzling blue they had 2,500 years ago when wine was sacrificed to goddess.



YOUNG PRIESTESS danced to appease Artemis' anger over the killing of a bear. The hare in her arms suggests Artemis' role as patroness of animals.

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Wood body floors are select wood, reinforced with steel skid strips.

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Underwater or overland . . . on concrete

Tons of freight roll up from *under* the harbor. Daylight and a turnpike ahead. Going the other direction are more trucks, more freight.

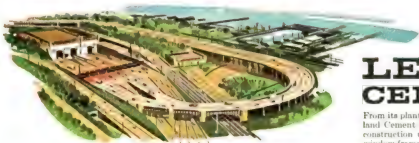
How much concrete is in this picture (and out of it)?

Concrete lines the tunnel walls that hold back the water. Hundreds of miles of concrete are behind . . . hundreds ahead. Concrete spans most of the creeks, rivers, gullies, ravines that stand between manufacturer and customer. Concrete loading ramps

were the starting point. Concrete warehouse bays await. And when the big Diesel has cooled down, it will be readied for the run back — on a concrete grease pit.

Whenever freight rolls, it depends on concrete. As a major producer of *cement* — the basic ingredient of concrete — the Lehigh Portland Cement Company contributes to the highway commerce that enriches the lives of Americans everywhere.

Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Pa.



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PAINTER DAVIS

After a year with an egg beater.

ern artist. So easy. Except for one small matter: How?"

A Ballet Set to Jazz. Like so many other young men in the arts, he plunged into experiment. "I'd cut things out of pressed wood and fasten bolts and locks onto them. In New Mexico I painted tin cans in a more or less naturalistic way—that was a gesture against the romantic idea of natural beauty. And on the docks in Gloucester, I remember doing a collage with pieces of cotton and a button sewed on the canvas and a piece of tin." Finally, in 1927, he "nailed a rubber glove, an electric fan and an egg beater to a table and, like Monet with his haystack, stuck with that single subject for a whole year."

In doing the egg beater over and over again, Davis was able to explore, distort and transform the objects into endless arrangements on the canvas. This meant that though his inspiration might come from the object, he was not imprisoned by it. Davis' paintings became ballets of what he called "color-spaces," but the beat of the ballets was always jazz. What caught his imagination was everyday America—the gas pumps, factories, cities, the hep talk and hip music—even the signs, "the visual dialect of the city. Since he never lost touch with reality, Davis refuses to be called abstract. His color-spaces are merely "a language to express daily observations."

A Confection of Vulgarities. He uses only a few colors—black, white, a specially mixed blue and green, a bright yellow, and deep red. He compares them to notes on a scale that can produce whatever melody he wants with no need for half tones. The colors form rectangles and crosses, recognizable words (among them, invariably, his own big scribbled signature as part of the design), and an occasional figure all producing a blaring harmony that with time has gained in both boldness and refinement. It is a razzle-dazzle, man-made world that Davis paints, a world of cities, honky-tonks and brightly packaged products, a confection of vulgarities superbly composed into symphonies of brash and breathless beauty.

The One Mystery That Defies Man's Genius

Man invents a rocket that can hit the moon. He splits the atom...breaks the sound barrier...invents mechanisms more efficient than skilled human hands and trained human minds.

He pumps oil from wells drilled into the ocean floor...turns deserts into lush fields and vineyards...cruises under the Polar Ice Cap in cold Arctic seas in atomic-powered submarines. In his challenging drive to uncover the secrets of the vast universe, he proposes now to bore a hole through the crust of the earth to see what's inside.

By his own genius, man has opened a veritable Pandora's box of long-held secrets of his physical world. And some people...impressed by this progress...seem to think that science will ultimately discover the answer even to the mystery of life itself.

This, we believe, is a futile, presumptuous and unworthy hope. For here the secret is held not in the physical matter of the universe...not in things that can be measured, weighed and physically analyzed...but in the divine and invisible hands of the Supreme Being Who created all that is and Who, by obvious design, permits us to see some things only through "dark glasses."

The slide rules and test tubes of science offer no hope of answering life's most important questions: Is there a God? What is God like? Whence have we come...why are we here? What is our final destiny? If we are the chosen of God...the only creature gifted with the promise of eternal life...why are our lives so often plagued by evil and misfortune?

These questions, some people say, are

impossible to answer. Nobody, they contend, knows what God is like. Having no material proof, all we can do is to have faith—to hope, pray and live righteously. Catholics, however, are convinced that God has clearly and plainly told us what He is like, why we are here, how we must live, what is our ultimate destiny. Science cannot tell us these things, but religion does.

Whether you are Catholic or not...believer or unbeliever...you will find a rich spiritual reward by reading the evidence which provides Catholics with a satisfying answer to life's most vital and, to some, its most frightening questions.

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RELIGION

The Fundamentalist

In its theology, Manhattan's famed old (founded in 1825) Broadway Presbyterian Church is conservative; its ministers have always been evangelical fundamentalists who adhere strictly to the Westminster Confession. By contrast, the Presbytery of New York—a group of ministers and elders from Manhattan, The Bronx and Staten Island who form a sort of churchly senate—tends toward liberalism; influenced by the open-mindedness of Union Theological Seminary, it is one of the forward-looking branches of the United Presbyterian Church. Over the years, the presbytery has more and more frowned upon the Broadway Church, especially since the church serves the city's intellectual center: Columbia University is across the street; Union Theological is just a few blocks away.

Last week the presbytery moved in on this stronghold of fundamentalism and stirred up a fuss that threatens to shake the entire church. By a vote of 73 to 32, the presbytery—exercising its power to intervene in hiring-firing matters that are normally left to congregations and their elders—voted to oust Broadway's minister, the Rev. Stuart Merriam, 48. Also removed from office were the church's ten pro-Merriam elders, who were replaced by a presbytery-appointed commission. Merriam was asked to remove his personal belongings from the church—and even to refrain from attending Sunday services there. A substitute preacher—Dr. Paul Franklin Hudson, formerly of Indianapolis' Second Presbyterian Church and something of a stormy petrel himself (TIME, Nov. 24)—was picked to be temporary pastor.

By theology seemed to be at the heart

of the presbytery's action, the immediate cause was the personality of lean, intense Stuart Merriam. Born in Schenectady, Merriam, a bachelor, graduated from Toronto's Knox College and acquired a doctorate from New College in Edinburgh. His first call, in 1937, was to the First Presbyterian Church of Portsmouth, Va., a rundown, impoverished church with a congregation of 100. Merriam doubled the church's property, added 100 parishioners to the congregation, put on an impressive range of new youth activities—and began to create a reputation for unorthodoxy. Although fundamentalist in his theology, he was a political liberal who spoke out in the pulpit against Virginia's racial segregation. His orations were notable for their scholarship—and for their shock value. Once he was photographed at a church bazaar sitting backwards on a donkey and wearing a Japanese lantern for a hat.

In March 1961, after a two-year search for a minister, Broadway Presbyterian's congregation voted to "call" (invite) Merriam as their next pastor. Despite misgivings about his fundamentalism, the presbytery approved the choice and almost immediately found reasons to regret it. Merriam brought his huge German shepherd Blitz into the pulpit at a children's service. He earned a brief notoriety by tape-recording a telephone conversation with a State Department official about the problems of an exile from Iran, then playing the tape—including the official's off-the-cuff criticisms of Iranian corruption—to a reporter. Merriam apologized for his bad judgment, but the presbytery began to gather charges against him.

The report approved by the presbytery last week praised Merriam for adding to the congregation's membership and improving church property. But it charged



BROADWAY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

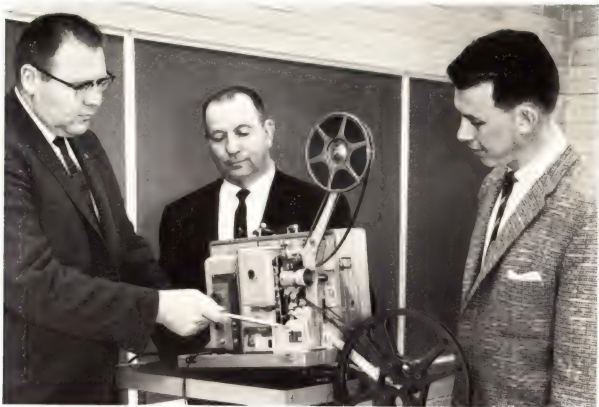
And once he was photographed at a church bazaar sitting backwards on a donkey, while wearing a Japanese lantern.



DR. MERRIAM



The new North Park Elementary School, Ray, Utah, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs.



**"This motion-picture projector operates
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Says Mr. John Larsen, Director of Audio-Visual Education and Television for the Weber County, Utah, School System, shown here with Principal Wheatley J. Taylor and Instructor Don Clarke.

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"As a result, our Pageant Projector is busy three to four hours a day, three to four days a week during school hours. It even works after school, since we frequently lend it to civic groups.

"Evidently this projector was built to work hard, because we've had no problems with it. It's also one machine our teachers feel they can operate easily."

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Rich, moist,
mildly
aromatic
**BOND
STREET**
stays lit



him with intolerance of contemporary theology, unsuitable evangelical approach to the spiritual needs of the Columbia students, theatrical conduct of worship, in epistole in the Iranian affair.

Merriam, who is well liked by his congregation, promised to carry his fight to the New York State Synod and to the General Assembly if need be. "I am shocked by the presbytery's action," he said. So, regardless of the merit of the charges, were other clergymen, who worried about the presbytery's behavior in removing a pastor over the objections of his parish. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, minister emeritus of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, called the exercise of power "disturbing to ministers and elders of the Presbyterian Church at large."

Converting Eichmann

Twice each week, armed guards escort Pastor William Lovell Hull of Jerusalem's nondenominational Zion Christian Mission into the maximum security cellblock of Israel's Ramla prison. As he enters, a saw-tooth, thin-faced prisoner behind a thick glass partition snaps to his feet, bows and clicks his heels. Then the two men sit down, take up the earphones and microphones through which they communicate and open their Bibles. Pastor Hull then begins another session of trying to bring Adolf Eichmann back to the Christian faith he left in 1937.

With the approval of the Israeli government and the wary cooperation of the prisoner, Evangelical Preacher Hull has been Eichmann's spiritual adviser since his conviction. Hull and his wife, who serves as German-English interpreter, are the only strangers Eichmann is allowed to see, and they hope to convert him before the Israel Supreme Court rules, probably next month, on his appeal of his death sentence.

Hull at first coldly visualized Eichmann "with a rope around his neck," and although now "God has given me a slight feeling of compassion," the preacher still feels that Eichmann had a fair trial and ought to hang for his crimes. "I'm not interested in his body," he says. "But I am interested in his soul. He should be given a chance to save it. As Christians, we are obliged to offer him that much."

"Jewish Fables," Canadian-born Evangelist Hull, 62, seems oddly matched to his spiritual charge. A former Winnipeg salesman on the Manitoba grain exchange, Hull received "a very real personal call from God to move to Jerusalem" while attending services one night at Winnipeg's Zion Apostolic Church. He settled down in Palestine in 1937, following his ordination to the ministry. A strong believer in Israeli independence, Hull has long enjoyed the favor of Israel's government, and after Eichmann's conviction Hull offered his services as a spiritual counselor. Eichmann, who had been brought up in Austria's Evangelical Church, refused at first, agreed to one meeting on the advice of Lawyer Robert Servatius, and now seems to welcome Hull's visits.

To bring Eichmann to the point where



THE HULLS AT RAMLA PRISON
He senses Satan in the cell.

"God can reach his heart." Hull has tried to make Eichmann see that God's judgment of his soul is more important than the Israeli court's judgment of his body. At their first conference last month, Hull asked Eichmann to turn in his Bible to a text in *Ecclesiastes*. Eichmann hesitated. "Isn't that in the Old Testament?" he asked. When Hull said it was, Eichmann answered: "I won't read it. I don't believe in Jewish stories and fables." Patiently, Hull explained: "I've laid out a plan of study for you to consider that your soul might be saved, and if you don't follow the plan I can't help you. The Bible is one book. Both Old and New Testaments were written by Jews, and our early church was composed of Jews." Eichmann thought for a moment, then turned to the chapter.

A Nazi God, Eichmann so far seems to have accepted the idea that he has a soul that will be judged by God, and that this soul can be saved before death. But he obstinately insists that as a helpless tool of Adolf Hitler he was not fully responsible for his crimes, does not yet agree with Hull that faith in Christ is the way to salvation, speaks of a creator that Hull feels is a Nazi God of power and force not a God of love. "So far we are not talking about the same God," says Hull.

Hull spends about two hours a week with Eichmann, preaching and reading Biblical passages with him. At the end of their sessions he leaves a written lesson which Eichmann studies and returns, usually marked with questions. Hull finds ministering to the prisoner totally exhausting. "The power of Satan in that cell is tremendous," he says. "I feel a tremendous responsibility, and if God were not with me I'd never attempt it."

Des Moines

Kansas City

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WHAT HAPPENS.**

Please lift flap



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The answer: have a U.S.F.&G. agent do it. Take your average day, for example. Chances are you're tied up in meetings, reports, trips and just "getting the job done." You simply can't afford the many hours of study necessary to make a wise insurance selection. ☐ This is why we recommend you get the help of the independent insurance agent who represents U.S.F.&G. He has the time...the knowledge...the desire to help you plan a sound protection program, whatever your needs. Select and consult your independent insurance agent as you would your doctor or lawyer.

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OGDON



ASHKENAZY

Almost another Van Cliburn experience.



STARR

Jolly Good Bash

"I think I'll just have to take the gamble," said the pianist.

"Fine," said his wife. "Go and have a jolly good bash."

The "jolly good bash" was Soviet Russia's Second International Tchaikovsky Competition, first to be held since 1928 when Louisiana-born Van Cliburn captured the prize—and Russia with it. The gamble for gifted young English pianist John Ogdon, 25, was whether to go into hock and cancel several engagements in order to compete in Moscow. Last week, Ogdon won his gamble, and shared first place with veteran Soviet Pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy.

Although the Tchaikovsky Competition is open to applicants up to the age of 32, Ashkenazy seemed an outright ringer—an obvious hedge against another talented foreigner—running off with the prize. Only 24, he was already far more seasoned in the concert hall than most of the contest's applicants. But, as it turned out, the home-town hero was no shoo-in.

Rated only a shade below Ashkenazy and Ogdon last week were Philadelphia-born Pianist Susan Starr, 20, and Chinese Pianist Yin Cheng-tung, 21, tied for second place. Playing before swarming crowds—tickets were so prized that one old lady who died during the winter willed hers to her niece—the contestants worked their way through three nerve-wrenching rounds before entering the finals.

Prizewinner Ogdon, a pianist with a strong surging style, began slowly the stood only eighth after the first two rounds, but finished fast, particularly with a performance of the Liszt *First Piano Concerto* that astounded the judges.

Whether he won at Moscow or not, Ogdon's principal at the Royal Manchester College of Music was sure he was bound to "make an international impression very soon." Enrolled at seven as the youngest student in Manchester's history (usual age 16), he progressed at a "simply stagger-

ing" rate for four years, then, amazingly, chucked the whole business for five years while he went back to his academic studies. He had an excellent but not widespread reputation when he decided to tackle Moscow. Before the week was out, the invitations from symphony orchestras were already beginning to come in.

The Musical Life

The surprise excitement of last week's Tchaikovsky Competition (see above) was supplied by the slight, dark-haired girl who finished second—Philadelphia's Susan Starr. At 20 one of the youngest of the competitors, Pianist Starr ripped into the Tchaikovsky *First Piano Concerto* with such dazzling virtuosity that the audience erupted in applause at the end of the first movement, and the orchestra and conductor joined in at the close.

Daughter of a Philadelphia Orchestra violinist, Pianist Starr was pleased but not overwhelmed by her fine showing. "I didn't really want to go to Moscow," said she to the *New York Times*, "but the Institute of International Education raised the money for the trip. Of course, a good showing is important toward launching a career, although it's pretty unlikely that the Van Cliburn experience will ever be repeated." One annoyance of the competition, Susan found, was "learning a lot of repertory that I wouldn't otherwise have bothered with. There was a piece composed for the contest by a young composer named Pirumov that was pretty tricky, and I may keep it in my fingers for a while. But there were also pieces like the Tchaikovsky *Sonata (in G Major)* that are awfully long for their content."

Moscow, she observed, "isn't as sophisticated a city as, say, Leningrad, and I noticed that people wouldn't even applaud for a work by Bach." According to Pianist Starr, the jury distinguished "three distinct 'schools' of piano playing: American, French and Russian. And the thing that seemed to set the Americans apart was what they called 'overemotionalism,'

Pianist Starr missed two things while in Russia: a good shampoo and her husband Pianist Kenneth Amada. "The Russians are a very musical people," said she "but they don't know beans about handling a bouffant hairdo." Said her husband, to whom she has been married for only three months: "We've spent much too little time together. That's the musical life for you. But if we give some two-piano concerts, perhaps we'll see each other a little more often."

Kennedy's Cantata

On cue, the haritone stepped to the microphone, patiently waited out a fanfare of trumpets, horns, trombones and drums, and lifted his voice in song.

My fellow citizens

We observe today

Not a victory of party

But a celebration of freedom . . .

The text was familiar: that notable Irish Baritone John F. Kennedy had delivered it in its entirety in Washington on Jan. 20, 1961. Set to music by Composer Russell Danburg, 35, and given its premiere at the University of Florida last week, the Kennedy inaugural address took 55 minutes to perform (Jack Kennedy himself took 141) called for a 70-piece orchestra and more than 100 chorists. Critics agreed that though Kennedy had been eminently satisfactory in his solo effort, the choral reprise made rewarding song.

The twelve-movement cantata is distinguished by a close welding of sound to thought. Thus the line "Born in this century, tempered by war" calls forth a burst of clanging dissonance, in contrast to the exalted harmonies of the words "Disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage." Occasionally, the attempt to link music and words—as in a sudden intrusion of primitive drumbeats for the phrase "To those peoples in the huts and villages"—upsets the continuity. But for the most part, it is tightly knitted and moving. Says Composer Danburg: "It is strictly nonpartisan."

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THE THEATER



BRIDOO & MOSTEL IN "FORUM"
The nubilest Roman of them all.

Bawdy Beautiful

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum is a good clean dirty show. It stands for something. It is pro mammal. It is pro burlesque. It is pro the golden corn of vaudeville, flawlessly husked by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford and John Carradine. What *Forum* brings back to Broadway is good for high, low, middle, and knitted brows—the belly laugh.

This musical comedy is set in pagan Rome and is lewdly adapted from the plays of Plautus, who should really have been named Sub-Plautus. He was a genius at inventing endless slapstick plot complications. The story is that Pseudolus (Zero Mostel), a slave, will be granted his freedom if he can secure as his master's bride a dumb blonde virgin (Freshy Marker) who has completed her basic training as a courtesan. After a dilatory start, George Abbott's pell-mell direction crosscuts from the chase to the chase. Pseudolus must foil all the males who are punting after dumb blonde virgins. Sharing the frantic antics are eunuchs, panders, aging lechers, vainglorious soldiers, and detroked vestals. For most of them, the stage-right bawdyhouse is home.

Last makes this particular world go round, and Zero Mostel is its comic axis. Seemingly composed of double chins that reach to his knees, Mostel is a paradoxically dainty and light-footed man whose humors merge the ballet with the pratfall. Whether he is rolling his eyes like berserk marbles, mincing archly in his tunic, or playing tick tack toe on the bare midriff of Lucienne Bridoo (the nubilest Roman of them all), Mostel tickles playgoers into eruptive laughter. The show's music lacks distinction, but no one will seriously think of humming once the cast's six girls undulate onstage. Customer Tony Walton wisely lets nature take top billing; these are girls for whom clothes would do nothing.

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This left 7%—or \$36,936,000—as net profit. Slightly less than half of these earnings—or \$17,463,000—the Braccios and our other share owners received in cash dividends. In addition, they received a 2% share dividend.

The balance of our net earnings—equal to 4% of our customers' dollars—we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

We are proud that Angelo Braccio chose to become a part owner of the Union Oil Company.

Even more important is the fact that in America any man can become a part owner of a company by investing his savings.

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OF CALIFORNIA



MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Land of Promise

"Christopher Columbus got the surprise of his life when he discovered America. So will you. There are mountains higher than the Alps. A canyon a mile deep. An extraordinary sense of discovery everywhere you go." So proclaim dozens of full-page newspaper ads in England, France, Germany and Italy as the U.S. Government pushes its first advertising campaign to attract foreign tourists.

Sample come-on for Britons, prepared by Ogilvy, Benson & Mather: "You can tour the U.S.A. for £35 [\$98] a week—without skimping. In the U.S.A. you can travel for 3,000 miles without crossing a border or showing your passport. If you

USTS campaign is responsible, the U.S. embassy in London reports that visa applications for the first four months of this year are 20% over last year's. But the British press has been hitting the campaign hard for inaccurate presentation of travel costs. The first series of ads to appear in Great Britain assured: "Expenses for a party of four traveling by car come to less than £4 (about \$11) a day. That includes food, sightseeing and lodging in motels with swimming pools." The second series discreetly added the word "each" to the end of the first sentence. And a third made the point that the figure did not include the cost of renting the car.

Money & Mobs. The impression of most Europeans who have traveled before in the U.S. is that the figures in the ads

ago, worked as a janitor at the British Ford plant in Dagenham, Essex. Since his retirement, he and his wife Marie had been hoarding every shilling against the day that they could take off for a visit to Marie's sister, who lived in Corpus Christi, Texas. Last week they sailed into New York harbor on the *Queen Elizabeth*. As careful budgeters, they had already purchased their tickets for every step of the way: round-trip from New York to Texas and back on American Airlines, one-way back to Britain on Pan American. After spending the night in a Manhattan hotel, they proceeded to Idlewild Airport for the Texas leg. Once airborne, the Woods settled back to enjoy their flight.

After an hour or so, Charlie leaned across the aisle and asked a fellow traveler companionably: "And where in Texas are you flying to?" Said the other passenger: "Texas? I'm going to London."



What to see in the U.S.A.—if you've only got three weeks

U.S. AD FOR TOURING BRITONS

A funny thing happened on the way to Texas.

journeyed this far in Europe, you would pass through ten different countries with different laws and different languages. And open your luggage for ten different customs inspectors." As the ads point out, tourists may inspect such monuments to the American way as dude ranches, Mississippi riverboats, Indians, New England clamshakes, country square dances.

Purrs & Grumbles. Prodding by U.S. Travel Service Director Voit Gilmore has cut visa-getting time, an old bugaboo for U.S.-bound tourists. (Says one ad: "You'll have your visa in just 20 minutes.") And in another ad a picture of a fountain pen is captioned: "This is all you need to register at any hotel, motel or inn anywhere in the U.S.A." (In most of Europe, passports must be presented at hotel desks.) But one poster showing an impressive aerial view of one of Los Angeles' cloverleafs had an unhappy effect. In Britain, the reaction was: "Get me on one of those things? Not bloody likely!"

Though it is too early to tell if the

are "impossible," said one Briton: "If you want to stay in the sort of place most people like staying in on holiday, have the sort of meals most people like to have in conditions that make meals a pleasure, three weeks' holiday in America would cost just about double what the ads say."

Says Paris' *Figaro*: "The U.S. risks having a problem this summer in a mob of tourists who believe what they read. Despite claims, there is absolutely no doubt that a tourist who undertakes a tour of four weeks in the direction of the Grand Canyon with \$400 in his pocket is going to find himself after two weeks in the middle of the country without a cent and with only the Salvation Army to come to his rescue."

Let's Just Land

It was not the Salvation Army but Pan American World Airways that came to the rescue of two bewildered Britons last week.

Charles Wood had, until three years



TOURISTS WOOD & WIFE

"By way of Dallas?" asked Charlie in astonishment. "No, this is a direct flight," replied the passenger.

"He means some little London in Texas—some little spot we haven't heard of yet," suggested Marie.

But doubt assailed Charlie. He fished in his pocket for their tickets, and then the awful truth dawned. He had given the airline clerk the wrong ones. "Crikey, Mother," he said to his wife, "we're going the wrong way."

When the Woods landed in London 61 hours later, Pan Am gallantly put them up overnight, next day jetted them back to New York, all with its compliments and with the comforting news that their return tickets to England on June 20 would still be good. Once again in the U.S., the Woods were escorted aboard an American Airlines flight for Texas. Deplaning in Corpus Christi at last, Charlie Wood paused to reflect on his 12,000-mile junket, murmured: "Worse than Columbus, by far."

DESIGN

Art for Sport's Sake

In its 33-year career of dogmatizing on what is modern and what is art, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art has had shows on the design of everything from classic cars to Japanese houses, from geodesic domes to Inca sacrificial knives. This week the museum turns its attention to as surprising a subject as any: design for sport.

Under a brown and white tent in the museum's statue-populated backyard is a collection of 115 pieces of sports equipment, a glistening trove of varnished wood, polished steel and glowing leather. All the objects were selected by the museum's Arthur Drexler, who believes that function and designer's taste combine to make a piece of sports equipment modern art. After the objects were selected, the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* approved their performance qualities.

Among the items chosen for function, taste and performance:

- ▶ Fishing reels whose every part has a function, whose polished movements are worthy of Swiss watches, whose beauty is evocative of fine silverware.

- ▶ A hydroplane "as lyrical as a fiddle in the sweep of its polished plywood."

- ▶ A javelin of steel, its streaking taper ending in a needle tip, that seems to arc through the air even while lying still.

- ▶ A scarlet, torpedolike British racing car, the Lotus, crouching between its outsize wheels with a lunging, on-the-starting-line readiness about it.

- ▶ A harness-racing sulky whose spare, delicate frame of hickory and fragile, bicycle-spoked wheels have not changed in more than 50 years.

- ▶ A baseball. Says *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "Every handsome element of a baseball's design is there for a reason. Nothing is extraneous. Everything works. Without the figure-eight pattern of its hand-stitching a baseball would be just another sphere. But the pattern is not for decoration, nor is it merely to hold the horsehide sections together—that could be accomplished by a seam around the middle. The curvilinear design provides a grip for the pitcher, and when the ball is released with a spinning action, the seam gives the sort of resistance in flight that makes a controlled curve possible. It is a perfect example of the law that in sport, as in architecture, a thing has to do what it is designed to do or it is as useless as tailfins on a houseboat."

THE CITY

No Squares on the Square

In the gazetteer of U.S. night life, St. Louis has never placed very high. Like Atlanta, Cleveland, Buffalo or Pittsburgh, it has been traditionally an entertain-at-home sort of town, and with the exception of a night at the Symphony or Municipal Opera, most of St. Louis spent its evenings in the way much of the rest of the U.S. did: watching television or drinking beer in somebody else's living room.

But now all that is changed, St. Louis



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finally has a place to go at night, and the place is Gaslight Square. A three-block oasis of nostalgic frivolity where some to gaudily atmospheric taverns, cabarets, restaurants and antique shops are packed together in fine *fin de siècle* jumble, it combines a sort of Disneyland quaintness with the gaiety of Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens and the innocent naughtiness of Gay Nineties' beerhalls.

Pipers & Chicks. Old-fashioned Welshbach gas street lamps glow cheerily along the wide sidewalks of the L-shaped intersection of Olive and Boyle. With the arrival of spring, St. Louisans have been turning out by the thousands to sit in the sidewalk cafés and stroll through the square (a stroller can drift from place to place with the same drink in his hand all

you start letting that happen, you are in for trouble." Today, the Square has no strippers, no gyp joints, lots of good clean gaslit fun.

Pioneers in the Gaslight Square venture are the Murtux brothers, Dick and Paul. In the early '30s, they bought the old Musical Arts Building (here Miss Bess Morse once operated an "expression school" where Tennessee Williams and William Inge put on some of their first plays) and opened up a colorful saloon called the Gaslight. The neighborhood then was a collection of seedy secondhand stores and a community of couldn't-care-less flat dwellers. Following the Murtux brothers was self-styled "Environmental Engineer" Jimmy Massucci, who opened up another saloon, the Golden Eagle, near by.



ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE

For the nostalgic, good old days; for the young, good new night.



GASLIGHT SQUARE

evening if he has a mind to). There is plenty to do, and the way is never blocked by cover charges. At the Opera House where a frieze of 2,500 croquet balls ("I got them all for \$8," says the proprietor) and mallets decorates the walls, there is Dixieland jazz. The Vanity Fair, a sort of English pub, is built mostly from old telephone booths painted red and black. O'Connell's features Irish pipers, who lead customers in impromptu parades up and down the square. Bustles & Bowes has draught beer and sawdust floors; the Roaring Twenties is an unabashed speakeasy with a high-stepping stage show, mock raids and gangland lights. The Natchez Queen is done up like a Mississippi riverboat and purveys ragtime music. The Crystal Palace, a cabaret theater, presents big-name entertainment and imported repertory players in nightly revues. Last year it grossed nearly \$400,000.

From the first, Gaslight Square attracted a fair share of mink coats along with turtle-neck sweaters and black stockings. Then the latter took on a different look as proprietors required customers to wear coats and ties. Says one cabaret owner: "We give a buck's worth of booze for a buck. And no strolling, lonely chicks. Once

then Jay Landesman whose Crystal Palace theater was operating farther downtown decided to move his establishment into the neighborhood.

Raids & Whoops. The Olive and Boyle quarter began to spruce up; even the antique-and-junk dealers caught the spirit, began upgrading their wares and window displays. St. Louis was in the process of demolishing 164 acres of downtown property for redevelopment, and the intrepid Gaslighters staged foraging raids—wrecking crews, picking up church pews, chandeliers and marble bathtubs. With their truckloads of artifacts, they transformed the old buildings into a gingerbread *plaisance* calculated to bring a tear of delight to the eye of St. Louisans yearning for the good old days, a whoop of joy to younger citizens looking for a new way to have a good time.

Last year this cashab of culture and whoopedoo earned more than \$3,000,000 for its investors, and property values have tripled over the last four years. A Gaslight Square Association has been set up, and Jay Landesman has been voted unofficial mayor of the quarter. Says Landesman grandly: "It means nothing. I'd rather be king."

FOR MEN WHO HATE TO WAIT!

I usually take off on a moment's notice, traveling by land and air as much as 8000 miles in six days. I'm always in a hurry! My business for Motorola involves contracts for missile programs, including Project Mercury. So seconds count with me just as they do on the launching pad. And that's why I depend on National Car Rental. They mean what they say — fast service! National always has an 'A-OK' car ready and waiting.

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SCIENCE

Talk Between Planets

A space traveler who happened to be standing on the dark side of the moon last week, in the mountains southeast of the crater Albatengius, would have been startled to see 13 brief red flashes flame up on the dark side of the distant earth. The unexpected spurts of light marked the position of Lincoln Laboratory near Lexington, Mass. They came from a ruby laser—a source of pure light of a single frequency—fitted into a 12-in. telescope.

Since laser light can be concentrated into a thin beam that barely spreads out at all, Professor Louis Smullin and Dr. Giorgio Fiocco, the M.I.T. engineers who performed the experiment, estimate that the laser's light diverged only about two-thirds of an inch for each mile of its quarter-million-mile journey to the moon. When it reached the moon's mountains, the laser beam lighted faintly a circular area only two miles in diameter.

Smullin and Fiocco estimate that each of its $1/2,000$ -sec. flashes squirted 2×10^{17} (200 billion trillion) photons of light toward the moon. Most of these tiny bits of light got there, but those reflected by the moon's rough, dark surface scattered widely. Only a few of them bounced back to Lincoln Lab. Bunched together by a 48-in. telescope, the returning photons were sent through a filter that passed only light of the laser's wave length. Then the photons were picked up by a sensitive photocell.

The engineers figure that only a dozen photons from each flash completed the round trip. But they arrived after the proper time interval (about 2.5 sec.) which proved that they had actually gone to the moon and back. This was the first time a segment of space had been spanned by laser light. And it may well mark a milestone in space communication. When they learn to beef up their lasers, scientists hope to use them to talk between planets.

Measuring the Universe

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead is all her seamen know.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Astronauts heading for some distant planet may not be quite as ignorant as Clough's seamen. But if a spaceshipload of them were to blast off tomorrow, they could not predict their landing point within thousands of miles. Such uncertainty could be disastrous, and Physicist F. E. Lowther of General Electric Co. hopes to do something about it. He is starting his campaign with an effort to correct that old reliable constant of physics: the speed of light (now calculated at 186,282 m.p.h.).

The best way now available for measuring the distance of an object far out in space is to bounce a radio signal off it and measure the time it takes for the reflected pulse of radio energy to return. This time interval, multiplied by the speed of light (which is the same as the



MOONLIGHTER SMULLIN
New light in space.

speed of radio waves), gives the round-trip distance. But the speed of light, complains Dr. Lowther, is known only with the inaccuracy of three parts per million. This minor-sounding inaccuracy means that the nearby moon on earth's very doorstep follows an orbit that cannot be measured closer than 3.4 mile.

The speed of light is measured by reflecting a beam back and forth between carefully placed mirrors and clocking the time it takes the light to cover that measured distance. Dr. Lowther proposes to improve this experiment by using the pure brilliance of newly developed lasers



PHYSICIST LOWTHER
New time for light.

3 OUT OF EVERY 4 TOP AMATEURS PLAY TITLEIST

At the 1961 National Amateur Championship 152 of the field of 200 players used Titleist. Only 18 used the second most popular ball. . . In fact, for the past three years, more than 70% of the Amateurs have played Titleist in this tournament. . . Top competitors play Titleist when it means the most. You should, too.



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

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(TIME, April 20) and new electronic techniques. He hopes to pinpoint the speed of light to three parts per 100 million, which will give the distance to the moon within 72 ft.

Measuring the distance to Mars or other such far-out planets is far trickier; they are well beyond the useful range of available radar. Astronomers calculate the interplanetary distance by observing the time it takes for Mars to complete one orbit around the sun and comparing that time with the earth's own time on its orbit. Since the distances of the planets from the sun are in proportion to their periods of revolution, the radius of the Martian orbit can thus be measured in terms of the basic "astronomical unit": the average distance of the earth from the sun.

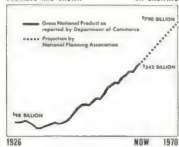
Artificial Planet. Trouble is, that the astronomical unit is known with even greater inaccuracy than the speed of light. As Mars curves around its orbit, its measured distance from the earth may be as much as 2,000 miles in error. Dr. Lowther hopes to clear up this unhappy situation by lofting a small satellite into an orbit around the sun. Lowther's satellite would carry extremely sensitive radar equipment to amplify signals from earth and send them back again on a slightly different wave length. This sophisticated radar system would make no use of the speed of light in its measurements. The distance from the earth to the satellite would be calculated in actual wave lengths of radio energy with an error of only 6 ft.

After Dr. Lowther's noisy little artificial planet has been tracked through several trips around the sun, its orbit will be known with much greater accuracy than that of any natural planet. And from its carefully plotted position astronomers will be able to measure correctly the earth's distance from the sun. Then it will also be possible to plot accurate orbits for all the other planets.

Changed Concept? Besides drawing a precision map of the solar system, Dr. Lowther's artificial planet may get a crack at even more interesting jobs. Since its orbit will be slightly but measurably disturbed by the gravitational attraction of all the other passing planets, its wanderings can be used to check the mass of individual planets. It may also detect large meteors that chance to streak close by. It may point to far-out, undiscovered planets, or even to dark, invisible stars. Its most radical use, Dr. Lowther figures, will be to check the inverse-square law, which says that the strength of light and gravitation diminishes inversely with the square of the distance from their source. This law is regarded as one of the fundamentals of physics, but Dr. Lowther is eyeing it closely. If the returning radio signals from his artificial planet are either too strong or too weak to fit the theory, it may mean that they and light (and perhaps gravitation too) diminish not with the square but with the 1.999 power of the distance. Such a result would call for an entirely new conception of the universe.

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BECAUSE COMMON STOCKS CAN HELP TO PROTECT THE PURCHASING POWER OF YOUR DOLLAR



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A true story

They staked their career on a good cup of coffee

It started with a man looking for a foolproof way to make a good cup of coffee. In 1933, he invented it—a glass coffeemaker. But, as with many such developments, it took other men with another sort of ingenuity to recognize the invention's potential, and to build a profitable business on it.

Tom C. and Bob M. were the men. Having been customers of The First National Bank of Chicago all their business lives, they knew the kind of industry-specialized service The First offers. In 1942, they called on Division B of The First's Commercial Banking Department and quickly received the backing they needed to buy the business.

Again in 1949, Tom C. and Bob M.

came to Division B for aid and counsel. The company had designed, on speculation, a restaurant coffeemaker that the partners believed could revolutionize large-scale coffee-brewing by removing the chance of human error. But, they had no marketing position in the food service equipment field. And, they had no money to open up the market. The First provided this money.

More recently, the judgment of Division B officers has figured prominently in several acquisitions made to diversify the company's line. And currently, Tom C. and Bob M. are receiving the benefit of the long experience of The First's International Banking Department to help them

expand their coffeemaker sales into foreign markets.

Starting with a good cup of coffee and a helpful banking relationship, Tom C. and Bob M. have built a \$15,000,000 a year business. They are the leading manufacturers of institutional coffeemakers, far ahead of their competitors.

Officers of the eleven Divisions in the Commercial Banking Department of The First National Bank offer a particularly knowledgeable service. Because each Division serves one group of industries exclusively, its officers can understand your problems and needs. Whether your business is coffeemakers or contracting, we look forward to serving you.



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MEMBER F. D. I. C.

BUSINESS



GENERAL MOTORS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN DETROIT BOARD ROOMS*
They do not lead miraculously.

AUTOS Product of the System

(See Cover)

With investor confidence at its lowest ebb since Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack and Big Board stock prices falling \$6 billion in one day's trading, Wall Street last week was a cheerless place for anyone trying to peddle large blocks of stock. So discouraging was the atmosphere that long-scheduled sales of stock in two eminently solid corporations (Kellogg Co. and McGraw-Hill Publishing) were abruptly postponed by the investment bankers underwriting them. But the Street's hard-eyed money men took a different view when 430,000 shares of General Motors Corp.* went on the block. Within minutes, they tumbled all over one another plunking down \$23 million to grab up every share.

In the annals of U.S. business, 1962 seems destined to go down as a General Motors year. Already the world's biggest manufacturing corporation (more than \$8 billion in assets), G.M. last week was growing in every direction. At home in the U.S., G.M.'s bread-and-butter car, the standard-sized Chevrolet, was out-selling the rival Ford Galaxie by nearly 2 to 1. In Germany, G.M.'s Opel subsidiary was gearing up for fall introduction of its new Kadett economy sedan—which seemed certain to lift still higher G.M.'s 11th share of world auto sales outside the U.S. In space, the giant automaker's AC Spark Plug division won a \$16 million contract to build the guidance system for the Apollo moonship. And good as all this was, General Motors' precise, silver-haired Chairman Frederic Donner, 59, was expecting even better. To a blue-ribbon business audience at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, he calmly predicted that in the next two years "an expanding economy will bring sales to an even higher level."

The Better Half. These confident words could not have come at a better time for the U.S. economy. For weeks past, executives in many areas of U.S. business have been increasingly outspoken in their fears

that 1962 may slip by without bringing them the really strong recovery they had expected after last year's recession. By contrast, Detroit looks forward to a year in which auto sales, including foreign imports, seem likely to hit at least 6,700,000 cars—a figure second only to 1955's record 7,170,000. Since the auto industry and its suppliers account for one out of every 10 jobs in the nation, such a surge in car sales should give a significant lift to the whole economy.

Every U.S. auto company is contributing to—and benefiting from—this surge but none so much as General Motors. With its standard models reinforced by the pizzazz-laden Corvair Monza and the compact Chevy II, G.M.'s Chevrolet division alone has grabbed off more of the U.S. auto market (30%) than the whole Ford Motor Co. (26.2%). Between Chevrolet's runaway success and solid, though less dramatic, increases for Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick, General Motors as a whole now accounts for 42.2% of all the cars sold in the U.S. (The only company that ever did better was Ford back in 1921, when the redoubtable model T took better than 60% of the market.) The net result: G.M.'s first-quarter profits this year hit an all time high of \$374 million—roughly equivalent to the national income of Ireland.

At the Top. It is good management that has done it. Though they would rather submit to the thumbscrew than say so publicly, executives of rival auto companies privately concede the superiority of G.M.'s organization. Says one Detroit titan famed for his aggressive competition with G.M., "General Motors is the best managed organization in American industry—or, for that matter, anywhere in the world." Says another Big Three executive: "The General Motors system is so well thought out that you could run almost any business in any field successfully by using the G.M. philosophy, method and standards of organizational living."

Even Frederic Donner, a man with an ingrained horror of boasting or "putting on side," lapses

into superlatives when he talks of his company. Says he: "We lead the industry in plant, in engineering organization and in dealer organization." And, like everyone else, he attributes G.M.'s pre-eminence to "the System"—a unique blending of centralized policymaking and decentralized execution in which the key decisions are always collective judgments made in committee by some of the best minds in U.S. industry. Says Donner: "It isn't that we just lead miraculously. We have built the facilities to take that leadership."

Never have the G.M. system and the man that heads it been better mated than they are today. When Fred Donner, a trim (5 ft. 9 in., 152 lbs.) and reserved accountant, succeeded flamboyant Harlow

* From left: Roger M. Kyes, vice president in charge of Accessory Group; Cyrus R. Osborn, executive vice president; Louis C. Good, executive vice president; Donner; Gordon; George Russell, executive vice president; James E. Goodman, executive vice president; Edward N. Cole, vice president in charge of Car & Truck Group; Nelson C. Davidson, vice president in charge of Dayton Household Appliance and Electric-Motive Group.



* Part of the estate of Detroit Louis Menefee, who was treasurer of Fisher Body Co. before it was acquired by G.M.

Curtice as chief executive in 1958, many an outsider believed that G.M. had turned the driver's seat over to a walking calculator when what the job called for was a sales or production genius. In the three years since, Donner's electronic-quick brain has proved to be everything everyone said of it. (Says Donner of his numbers skill, in characteristic self-deprecation: "Some people can sketch, but to me it comes easily to use figures, almost like a language.") In ultimate tribute to G.M.'s collective judgment, however, Donner has also shown himself deft with people and a first-class administrator. Says one of G.M.'s outside directors: "Fred Donner is the epitome of the G.M. spirit of hard work and analysis. He knows where the company is, where it is going, and how it is going to get there, better than anyone else."

Corsets & Buggy Whips. Since his youth in Three Oaks, Mich. (pop. in 1900: 990), Donner has always seemed to have an uncommonly sure sense of where he was going. The only child of an accountant for the Warren Featherbone Co. (corset stays and buggy whips), young Fred, neighbors recall, "didn't care much for athletics; he read at least two hours a day. And even as a boy he had a routine—so much time for work, so much time for play, so much time for study."

At the University of Michigan Donner got straight A's (save for one B in history), graduated Phi Beta Kappa (23) in economics. "He had a great skill in writing and an excellent vocabulary," remembers his economics professor, Dr. William Paton, now 73. "From that, I assumed he could think clearly." Accordingly, two years after Donner's graduation, when a G.M. official came to the university looking for "a bright young accountant with an analytical type of mind," Paton recommended his old pupil. Intrigued by the fact that the G.M. job involved "dealing with projections and forecasting rather than what had happened in the past," Donner resigned his job with a Chicago accounting firm and moved into the auto industry.

Taming the Giant. When Donner arrived at G.M. in 1926, the company was just recovering from the boisterous days of Founder William Crago Durant. A daring speculator and master promoter, Durant started assembling G.M. in 1908, within a year had stitched together the Olds Motor Vehicle Co., Cadillac, Buick and Oakland (later Pontiac). Instead of stopping there, he went right on buying up more and more dissimilar companies without a thought for coordinating their management. In 1920, when Durant led G.M. to the edge of bankruptcy for the second time, alarmed stockholders, led by Pierre S. du Pont, ousted him from control of the company. Three years later, direction of G.M. was turned over to the man who more than anyone else has shaped the company—Alfred P. Sloan Jr., now 87. As president and later chairman, Sloan ran General Motors for nearly 30 years. And at the very beginning of his regime he established "the System"—the managerial philosophy and practices

that have guided the company ever since.

Sloan's seemingly self-contradictory goal was to achieve for G.M. the flexibility and the initiative that are characteristic of small, aggressive companies plus the economies and careful planning possible only in a big and highly centralized organization. His solution was to divide G.M. into a maze of manufacturing divisions and operating groups, each enjoying semiautonomy in day-to-day operations and purely internal decisions. Then, to formulate overall policy, provide central services and balance the competing aspirations of the divisions, Sloan put over them a central staff divorced from responsibility for day-to-day production.

The Response Mechanism. To make Sloan's complex organization function coherently, G.M. has come to depend above all on committees and informal "policy groups" linking the long arms of the corporation. They talk things out face to

face rather than write memos. No major corporate decision can be taken without the concurrence of committees at division, group and staff level. This acts as an automatic check on would-be autocrats. Says a Chrysler executive: "One man or even a clique of men cannot effect drastic changes in the General Motors setup. Basically, the G.M. hierarchy can be described as a group of hot shots surrounded by reports that restrain them."

The G.M. committee system has the sound of bureaucracy but is saved from stultification by the drive and competitive urge of the line divisions. The decision to build the compact rear-engine Corvair in 1959 took G.M.'s committees about four months to approve. But the fact that the Corvair was built at all was due to the initiative of then Chevrolet Division Chief Edward Cole (TIME cover, Oct. 5, 1959), who on his own time put together plans for the car long before he had any authorization at all. "Let's face it," sighs a rival automaker, "That big G.M. animal has a fantastic response mechanism."

The response mechanism has not always been infallible. In 1957, when G.M.'s committees might have been concerned with the mounting sales of compacts, they decided instead that the wave of the future lay in Chrysler's finny "Forward Look" cars. G.M. rushed into a crash restyling program, came up with spangled 1959 models that, by G.M. standards, sold poorly. Even more serious were the design troubles of the Buick division in the late 1950s. Sales plummeted, and Buick's dip was not corrected until the System rushed in to provide Buick with new management and new engineers. But the System's response, if belated, was highly successful. Last year's Buicks were conceded even by rival automakers to be the best-engineered cars out of Detroit.

Two for Every Opening. Awed by G.M.'s effectiveness, many another U.S. corporation has tried to emulate the Sloan system—but rarely with comparable success. One reason is that few other companies can match the planning and control system installed at G.M. by Vice President Donaldson Brown just a year before Donner was hired. The Brown system of constant reports—which permits G.M. to forecast for three months in advance every detail of its operations from auto production to profit margins—has for 37 years kept G.M.'s profits moving up at a planned pace in relation to sales. (G.M. showed its last loss—\$38.7 million—in 1921.) Only one other major U.S. corporation has such a record: Du Pont—whose planning and control system Donaldson Brown devised before he moved to G.M.

Another vital G.M. legacy from the Sloan era is G.M.'s overriding emphasis on a strong, healthily prosperous dealer organization. Sloan picked his dealers carefully, watched over their accounting methods, and saw to it that they were all geographically spaced to divide the market properly. After the 1955 auto glut—when the company was accused of forcing so

AUTO SALES

(Percent of sales)

1941-3.7 MILLION CARS



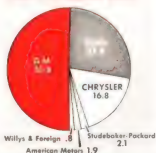
Hudson, Nash, Packard, Studebaker & Others 9.7

1947-3.2 MILLION CARS

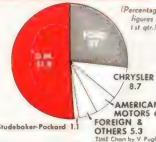


Hudson, Kaiser-Frazer, Nash, Packard, Studebaker & Others 15.2

1955-7.2 MILLION CARS



1962-6.7 MILLION CARS (est.)



(Percentage figures 1st qtr.)

TIME Chart by V. Puglio

many cars on dealers that they had to dump them at almost any price—G.M., with prompting from the Senate's O'Mahoney subcommittee, further improved its dealer relations. It extended dealer contracts from one year to five, hired an ex-judge to decide disagreements between the company and its dealers, and set up elected dealer councils to thresh out problems with company brass. The result is that today G.M.'s 13,800 U.S. dealerships are prized possessions. Says San Francisco Chevy Dealer Ellis Brooks: "Getting a Chevrolet franchise is the dream of everybody in the business."

Above all, however, what makes the System work with unparalleled effectiveness is its tradition of aggressive informality. This is possible because almost all G.M.'s top officers have been working together all their business lives. The company's top 500 executives have put in an average of 30 years apiece with G.M., and it is a rare G.M. executive who jumps to another company—partly because G.M. pays them to stay with salaries that have become industrial legend. Headed by Donner, who drew total earnings of \$557,725 before taxes, eight of the ten highest-paid men in U.S. industry last year were G.M. officers. Result is that G.M. is able to keep a reserve bench of executive talent that no other auto company—and probably no other company in any industry—can match. Almost offhandedly Donner says: "We try to keep a manpower pool which is a bit more than twice as large as the number of jobs which it will fill."

The Expert. Despite its superabundance of manpower, G.M. puts scant stock in seniority, has a tradition that anyone who is going to the top begins his rise early. And from the start of his G.M. career, Fred Donner was clearly a comer. Though he has always been attached to the financial staff in New York, his ability to cut through a tangle of conflicting evidence quickly made him a key man in G.M.'s endless process of self-examination, and took him into almost every cranny of the corporation from the dealer organization to overseas operations. "Mr. Sloan emphasized two things," says Donner. "One—get the facts. Two—recognize the equities of all concerned."

The young Donner of the 1930s sometimes annoyed his associates. "His main difficulty back there," says a former boss, "was that he expected everyone to be as smart as he was." But by the time he was 39, Donner was already vice president in charge of financial staff—one of the youngest men the System has ever promoted to such high rank. In 1976 he became chairman of the powerful financial policy committee that, in effect, has final say on all G.M. moves. "I felt this was the last job at G.M. I would have," recalls Donner. "It was a very natural spot for me, and I was happy to have it."

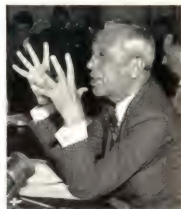
Had Harlow Curtice, General Motors' chief executive from 1951 to 1958, been a different kind of man, Donner might have stayed where he was. "Red" Curtice was responsible for some of G.M.'s most brilliant moves (and hardest selling—the record 1955 year was his). But he was an



DURANT



BROWN



SLOAN



CURTICE

Success through a simple formula.

autocrat by temperament, offended against the System by delving deep into the affairs of autonomous divisions, and was even accused of showing favoritism toward the Buick division he had once headed. When Curtice retired at 65, the System was happy to turn to one of its own—a man who respected its committees and had no close ties to any one division. The obvious choice was Fred Donner.

Divided Rule. Donner signaled the way he would run the company by picking as president crack engineer John F. Gordon 62, previously vice president in charge of the Body and Assembly Group. Donner and Gordon have never set down on paper any formal division of authority, and feel no need to. "I don't spend the hours on styling that he does," explains Donner. "He does not spend the hours on finance and labor relations that I do. In some areas like distribution we are both active." In everything they work closely together, spending many evenings together over dinner in New York or Detroit—where Gordon is based. "We see each other three weeks out of four," says Donner, "and we have gotten to instinctively recognize anything we ought to talk over before one of us moves in on it alone, or a committee takes action."

Action from the System's standpoint, the arrangement could not be better. Exalts one G.M. director, Morgan Guaranty Trust Chairman Henry Clay Alexander: "There's no sense of jealousy, never a question as to who goes through the door first or who sits at the head of the table." In the Detroit board room, in fact, Donner and Gordon sit side by side at the head of the table—with Donner presiding.

The Little Bidders. Even critics of the System acknowledge that General Motors is performing at its best under Donner's orchestrated leadership. Admits one Big Three executive, who hotly denies that G.M. has any monopoly on automotive brains: "Year in and year out over the last decade, General Motors has been a little better than the rest of us in some of the major areas—in distribution or product, in management or styling. This happens to be the year when all the 'little bidders' coincided."

A major reason for the coincidence of all the "little bidders" this year is that G.M.'s committees simply did not make as many wrong decisions as their rivals did. Donner crow's a bit over Ford's last-

minute cancellation of U.S. production of the Cardinal after plowing \$11 million into development of the much-rumored "compact compact." He implies that G.M.'s insistence on careful evaluation of mountains of fact made clear to him and his colleagues that there was no great demand for such a car. Says he: "We have not found a way to make a small, small car large and comfortable—which seems to be what the customer now wants."

G.M.'s committees, in fact, have never quite believed that the compact boom of the late '50s marked the death of the American car buyer's traditional urge to move up to higher-priced cars. For a time this skepticism seemed likely to lead G.M. into serious trouble. In 1960, when Ford's compact Falcon scored an immediate success while Chevrolet's rear-engine Corvair was something of a dud, it appeared that Ford might grab off the lion's share of an important new market. Almost by chance, however, Chevrolet dressed up some Corvairs with pizzazz features to attract customers into showrooms to look at the ordinary Corvair. With that began the Monza and the "bucket seat boom"—another example of the auto buyer's old urge to upgrade the plain and the practical.

No less important, G.M.'s continued emphasis on its medium-priced lines gave it an edge in diversity of product. With their 1962 lines, the other auto manufacturers hoped to persuade the buying public to settle down to a relatively few standard-sized, compact and intermediate



DONNER & WIFE AT LONG ISLAND HOME
His private life is private.

models. Gambling heavily on the intermediate Fairlane—which has done well but partly at the expense of Falcon and Galaxie sales—Ford downgraded its medium-priced Mercury. In similar mood Chrysler turned the Dodge into a Plymouth-sized Dart, and American Motors shortened its Ambassador. Meantime, to flesh out its own big and standard lines, G.M. showed that it was not above borrowing a good idea from a competitor by introducing the Chevy II—which is so like the Falcon that some Detroiters call it "Falcon III." Result was that G.M. offered automod's most highly varied line of 1962s, including more pizzazz models, more convertibles and more medium-priced cars than anyone else to tempt the trading-up buyer.

Positive & Strong. In his drive to make the little betters a little better each year, Donner drives himself and everyone around him hard. He expects full dedication from even the outside members on G.M.'s board. Says one director: "Fred always does his homework and so do we. He won't tolerate anybody who doesn't." Sometimes a director's "homework" for the monthly board meeting amounts to as much as 7 lbs. of reports.

Firm as he is with directors, Donner is most forceful when he assumes his hat as chairman of the finance committee. "He's not arbitrary," says a fellow committee member, "but he is positive and strong. He can be reversed, but you have to have damn good reason for reversing him." At finance committee meetings, there is no small talk—just "important gossip about such things as the economic atmosphere." Periodically, to support a thesis or answer a question, Donner whips out of his inside jacket pocket a handy little argument settler. Most auto executives have modest ones, but Donner's comes in a specially made 2-in.-thick leather case. It is jammed with scores of photostatted cards, about the size of a playing card,

containing in miniature all the latest vital statistics on G.M. and the auto industry, as well as basic figures about the gross-national product and foreign trade. (A wine fancier, Donner also has in his pocket file a card listing the vintage years.)

Pro-Yankee. Roughly 60% of the time, Donner operates from behind a paper-free walnut desk in his 24th-floor Manhattan office overlooking Central Park. The rest of his time he spends in Detroit, commuting in one of the company's fleet of twin-engined Convals equipped with G.M.'s Allison turboprop engines. "He likes to travel before or after working hours," says an aide, "so that he won't miss any time in the office."

In Detroit Donner sleeps in one of the company's eight executive bedrooms at its 13-story headquarters building. He is up at 7:30, breakfasts in the executive committee dining room, and by 8 a.m. is ready to do business with G.M.'s early-arriving executives. Evenings, he sometimes leads a group of the top brass to a Detroit Tigers night baseball game. "I'm very careful to be pro-Yankee when I'm in Detroit," he notes with a grin.

The Commuter. All through his career, Donner has insisted on the privacy of his family life. In *Who's Who* he lists neither his wife, his children nor his clubs. Three years after he joined G.M., he married Grand Rapids-born Ellen Isaacson whom he began to court when she came to Three Oaks to teach high school. Winters, they live in a Fifth Avenue apartment. (Their son and daughter are both married.) Summers, they live in a big (22 rooms), comfortable home in Sand Point, Long Island. Donner commutes to the city on the Long Island Rail Road and from Pennsylvania Station to his office, 25 blocks away. U.S. industry's highest-paid businessman joins rush-hour straphangers on the subway.

Though he plays an occasional game of golf, Donner's prime recreation is still reading—mostly history, which he feels helps him "to learn how mistakes have been made in the past. And successes." No recreation, however, can really compete for his attention against the activity he loves best: running G.M. For despite his quiet, intellectual exterior, Donner delights in the unpredictability and endlessly changing nature of his business. "We're a very restless crowd in the auto industry," he says proudly. "We're always under strain. This business wouldn't be any fun if we weren't under strain. It would be like selling soap or matches."

Trustbusters' Target. The manufacturing and the selling of cars are only part of the strain. Because G.M. has made itself so big, it must live in constant dread of the Justice Department's trustbusters. Since last summer, the Antitrust Division has assigned a special team of eight attorneys to keep watch on the giant automaker. The Government already has four antitrust cases against G.M. in pretrial stages: 1) a criminal indictment charging that the company has monopolized the diesel electric locomotive market by unfair use of its power as the railroads' largest freight customer;

2) a suit alleging that G.M. monopolizes 85% of city and intercity bus sales; 3) an effort to nullify G.M.'s acquisition of Ohio's Euclid Road Machinery Co.; and 4) a suit charging that G.M. and three Southern California auto dealer groups conspired to prevent the sale of Chevrolets through discount houses.

For several years past, there have been persistent rumors that the Justice Department would like to go even further and cut G.M. down to size by breaking off Chevrolet as an independent corporation. (Rival Automaker George Romney has long urged that G.M. be split up.) Now that G.M. dominates more than half the auto industry, the rumors come in louder and stronger. "Dominate," observes Donner dryly, "is a word like discriminate. It was a perfectly nice word until a few years ago."

Donner denies vehemently that G.M. "has ever worked aggressively to stifle competition." But he insists with equal fervor that General Motors does not—and cannot—attempt to hold down its auto sales for fear of antitrust action. No institution, he argues, can sensibly set out to be second best, or to do less than its best. So long as General Motors continues to grow on the strength of price competition and product performance, he believes that both law and equity are on its side.

Always a G.M. Another threat from Washington that currently worries Donner is the Kennedy Administration's proposal (already passed by the House) to tax the income U.S. companies earn abroad at the time that it is earned rather than when it is brought back to the U.S. Under the present law, U.S. companies are permitted to keep an unlimited amount of their foreign earnings abroad free of tax, to expand their overseas facilities. General Motors has used this provision to good advantage to build up the strength of its



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foreign subsidiaries. Of the cars that G.M. produces overseas, Opel now ranks second to Volkswagen® in Germany, Vauxhall is fourth in Britain, and in Australia the Holden, in the best G.M. tradition, holds nearly half the market.

The U.S. Treasury, argues Donner, is by far the richer for all this. Since World War II, G.M. has brought into the U.S. through dividends from its subsidiaries and exports from its U.S. plants a staggering \$3 billion in foreign earnings. Of this, almost 25% came during the past three years to help out when the gold overflow became critical. (One reason why Detroit raises little outcry against foreign car sales in the U.S.: last year the U.S. spent \$400 million on foreign cars, but exported autos and auto parts worth three times as much—\$1.2 billion.)

Donner expects the rest of the world to buy more than 10 million cars and trucks by 1970—equal to what the U.S. car market is expected to be by then. "The U.S. automobile industry," he says, "can make its contribution in these expanding markets overseas only if investments continue to be made abroad. If direct overseas investments by U.S. business are discouraged by unwise tax policy, our economy will lose an important and rising long-term source of income."

Other Donner concerns of the moment: ▶ THIS YEAR'S ECONOMY. "The auto industry swings with the cycle, but moves beyond it. It can give impetus to the cycle on the upswing when we have an attractive product, but it cannot provide much upward pressure during a downswing just because the product is attractive. Motor vehicle sales indicate to us that consumer confidence is now at a high level. For these reasons, I am quite opti-

mistic concerning the business outlook for the remainder of the year."

▶ GOVERNMENT INTERVENTION IN PRICE SETTING. "Prices of comparable General Motors cars have remained unchanged since the 1959 models were introduced. For the automobile industry, the most persistent force influencing prices has been the discipline of competition in the market. I see no reason to believe that it is either wise or desirable for Government to attempt to influence the results through direct intervention in the economy."

▶ GOVERNMENT INTERVENTION IN WAGE NEGOTIATIONS. "I am a great believer that the best agreements are those which are reached between us and the unions. So far as I know, General Motors has not been influenced by Government actions, either stated or implied, which have limited its freedom to compete effectively in the markets for its products or to carry out free collective bargaining with the union representing its employees. The maintenance of this freedom is the most important single ingredient in sustaining a dynamic, growing and stable economy."

Despite all the crosscurrents presently pulling at U.S. business, Fred Donner looks ahead without fundamental apprehension and with a profound faith in the ability of the G.M. system to cope. It is clearly almost inconceivable to him that General Motors will not go on indefinitely getting a little bigger and a little better than any other manufacturing enterprise in the world. "If I can leave General Motors well staffed with good men in the top jobs and good men coming up under them, and with a cohesion in our forward planning so that the bits and pieces fall into their logical places," says Donner, "then I will feel I have done my job here."

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MILESTONES

Marriage Annulled. Ann Miller, 43, thrice-married Hollywood hooper; and Oklahoma Oilman Arthur Cameron, 61, generous in three previous divorce settlements; in Santa Monica, Calif. Grounds: unspecified. Settlement: less than \$1,000,000, not the \$7,000,000 Ann demanded.

Divorced. By Pop Singer Rosemary Clooney, 33; Actor-Director José Ferrer, 50, after nine years of marriage, five children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Grounds: mental cruelty. Settlement: a monthly \$1,500 for Rosemary, \$300 for each child.

Divorced. By Pop Singer Dinah Shore, 45; Actor George Montgomery, 45; after 18 years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Grounds: mental cruelty. Settlement: secret.

Died. Thomas A. Gilcrease, 72, Oklahoma oilmogul, a part Creek Indian who was allotted 160 acres of tribal land beneath which he found a bonanza, some \$12 million of which he spent amassing a collection of Indian Americana, ranging from the art and annals of 45 tribes to Frontier Painters Frederic Remington and George Catlin's best oils on the fading redskin, which he gave to the city of Tulsa; of a stroke; in Tulsa, Okla.

Died. Geremia Lunardelli, 77, coffee king of Brazil for 35 years, an Italian immigrant's son who, though scarcely able to sign his name, carved out a domain of coffee plantations that stretched 300 miles inland from the Atlantic, became an arbiter of the Brazilian economy while spurning honors and titles, saying "I'm only a farm hand; it is the earth that should be decorated"; of a heart attack; in São Paulo, Brazil.

Died. Eugene Speicher, 79, peerless U.S. portraitist, a robust, orderly New Yorker who imposed his own stamp of warm-hued repose—at its best in his pinky luminous nudes—on all his subjects from Katharine Cornell as Candida to country bumpkins; after a long illness; in Woodstock, N.Y., where in 1907 he founded an art colony with his close friend, Artist George Bellows.

Died. Hans Luther, 83, astute onetime Weimar Republic liberal statesman, a chubby Berliner who as Finance Minister halted chaotic post-World War I inflation and as Chancellor (1925-26) put Germany's signature on the futile peace-seeking Locarno Pact, who agreed in 1933 to serve the Nazis as Ambassador to the U.S., was recalled in 1937 and lived quietly on his Bavarian farm until the Nazis finally fell; in Düsseldorf.

Died. Frank Andrew Burrell, 95, oldest former major league baseball player in the U.S., a catcher who first used the snap throw from a home-plate crouch; of cancer; in Weymouth, Mass.

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CINEMA

The Poetry of Wasted Lives

A Taste of Honey (Continental) is a heady pint of bitter drawn from that always-sputtering bung of discontent, the British working class. In the last three years several interesting English movies and two magnificent ones (*Room at the Top*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*) have been tapped from the same source. This picture, based on a play by Shelagh Delaney, a Lancashire bus driver's daughter who was 18 when she wrote it, is as good as the best. In her first film script, touched up by Director Tony



BRYAN & TUSHINGHAM IN "HONEY"
A heady pint of bitter.

Richardson, the angry young ma'am displays dramatic drive, concussive humor, a barmaid's ear for dialogue, a slum kitten's shrewdness about people and motives, a melancholy flair for the poetry of wasted lives.

She tells the story of the illegitimate teen-aged daughter (Rita Tushingham) of a village idiot and a good-time shirley (Dora Bryan). Father is long since napoo; mother and daughter drift through dreary digs in Manchester, flying by night when the rent comes round. Mother sops it up all night, sleeps it off all day, rather likes her daughter when she's nothing worse to do. The girl, given a wit too many and a skin too few, is so hungry for affection that she bites her mother's head off 30 times a day. Grows back, though, and mother uses it to persuade a used-car salesman (Robert Stephens) that he wants to marry her. "But we're not 'avin' the kid with us," he bellows in broad Mancunian. "So think on that!"

Abandoned, the girl goes looking for love. The first thing she finds is trouble: a Negro sailor (Paul Danquah) who loves her and leaves her—pregnant. The second

thing she finds is a friend: a shy young homosexual (Murray Melvin), who needs to give what she needs to receive: mother love. He moves into her flat and briskly "takes 'er in and." Runs her up some baby clothes, starts her eating properly for two, goes to the clinic for a stack of diapers and a doll to practice on. But all too soon the idyl ends. The old hen comes home to roost, the flit flies the coop, the heroine is left to hatch a hopeless future.

As the used-car salesman, Actor Stephens plays to panting perfection the sort of sly young fox who figures that if he chases the chickens hard enough he may get a goose. In the homosexual, Actor Melvin finds valor, humor, ethos, pathos, and a touching reminder that men who become women sometimes become good women. With the mother, Actress Bryan accomplishes a masterpiece of caricature. Voice like a firebell, hair like fried sash-cord, face notched with conquests like a sheriff's six gun, she is the wiggling, zinging, juggling image of the beery old him.

Against all this powerful opposition, Actress Tushingham, 19 when the film was made, holds her own with an ease that seems incredible, considering her principal previous experience: as the rear end of a donkey in a provincial production. She has a kind of elementary female beauty—big hips, small breasts, long, delicate face—that is seldom seen on the modern screen, and she plays with delicious naturalness and a wonderful wild freedom of feeling. She understands that the daughter is no ordinary heroine. Author Delaney has created a wise child who knows its own mother and is fearlessly determined to know herself, to know life: a female hero. *Oliver Twist* in a maternity dress.

Just Women

Joan of the Angels? (Film Polski: *Telepiz*) is a beautiful, full-bodied young woman possessed by eight demons. Almost proudly, she rattles off their names—Balaam, Isacaaron, Behemoth, Gressil, Dog's Tail, Amon, Leviathan, and Asmodeus, demon of lust, Asmodeus, of course, possesses many women. But Joan (Lucyna Winnicka) is no common wench: she is the mother superior in a Roman Catholic convent of Ursuline nuns.

The convent is set starkly on a treeless plain, but every day a bell is rung as a humming sound for wanderers "lost in the forest." Following Joan's example, all the sisters have gone erotically mad; they dance naked in their courtyard. Near the convent is a charred stake where the priest who fathered the mother superior's two children died by fire.

Now another priest (Mieczyslaw Voit), a good, humble, godly man, has come to exorcise the demons in Mother Joan. Soon, in the convent attic where the sisters' white habits are hung to dry, she smiles at Father Joseph and whispers: "What if the devil left me and entered you?" Cut. A flight of birds appears.

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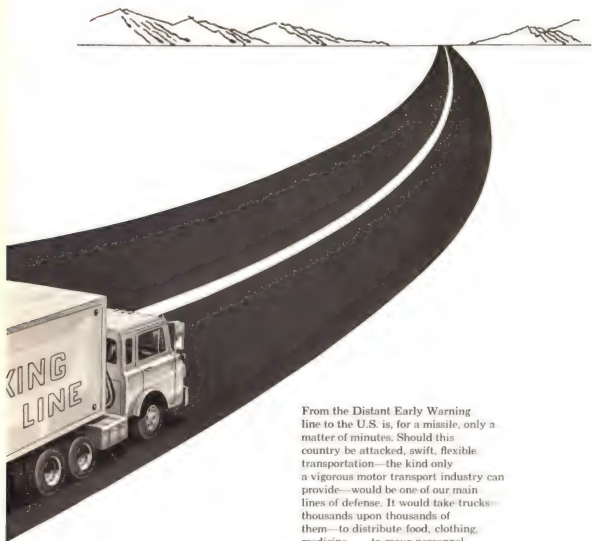
whirling and wheeling, uncertain of direction but moving with frenzy, Cut. Back in the attic, Father Joseph is crying.

He flagellates his naked back and struggles to defeat the demons now within him too. He builds a barricade in the room where he hears Mother Joan's confessions. But he succumbs again, and his own lights having failed, seeks the advice of a rabbi. The rabbi speaks in fearful axioms. "Love is at the root of everything on earth," he tells the priest. "You are me and I am you." The remark might be an admission of equal incomprehension—both parts are played by the same actor. In the end, the priest axes to death two grooms at a neighboring inn, somehow taking upon himself, through cruel and pointless murder, all the demons that have possessed Mother Joan and her nuns.

Loosely based on a celebrated case in 17th century France (which Aldous Huxley skillfully described ten years ago in his historical narrative, *The Devils of Loudun*), this picture, set and filmed in Poland, is already celebrated throughout Europe and last year won a prize at the Cannes Film Festival. Its writer-director, Jerzy Kawalerowicz, is being compared with Sweden's Ingmar Bergman. In Poland, the Communist press hailed *Joan of the Angels?* with expectable enthusiasm, while a Roman Catholic prelate called it "a dirty glove thrown in the face of the church."

It is, more exactly, a nearly successful work of art, ultimately confusing, relentlessly ambiguous, but strong and moving; and it uses its bizarre theme as a metaphor to probe toward the vague but universal demons that can rise in any man and drive him insane. Listening to all the mad nuns singing their beautiful liturgies in clear and healthy young voices, a villager suggests: "Perhaps there are no devils in the convent after all"—just women.

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BOOKS

This Swede

JENNY LIND, *THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE* (345 pp.).—Gladys Denny Schultz—Lippincott (\$6.50).

When Sweden's Jenny Lind entered New York Harbor on a paddle-wheel steamer in 1850, P.T. Barnum went out in a rowboat to greet her, carrying a spray of red roses in his arms. She was a plain young woman of 29, hair parted in the middle. Her nose was a Nordic spud. She had a wide mouth, and she wore no cosmetics. But she was the most celebrated operatic soprano in the world, and a few days later a man bid \$225 to buy the first ticket to her first concert in America.

Barnum was tone deaf, but he had brought Jenny Lind to America because he absurdly hoped to change his image. When people thought of Barnum, they thought of sheer bazazz, and he wanted them to think of fine arts and culture. This cost him a down payment of \$187,500 before the singer would set foot on board ship. But his investment paid off in cash if not in permanent dignity, as Jenny Lind made a 12,000-mile, 165-concert sellout tour during which a single seat went for \$653; another time, 1,000 standing-room tickets were sold in 15 minutes.

Come & Hear. The press went completely insane, and every other line seemed to have been written by Barnum. "Sell your old clothes," said *Holden's Magazine*, "dispose of your antiquated boots, hypocate your jewelry, come on the canal, work your passage, walk, take up a collection to pay expenses, raise money on a mortgage, sell 'Tom' into perpetual slavery, stop smoking for a year, give up tea, coffee and sugar, dispense with bread, meat, garden sass and such like luxuries—and then come and hear Jenny Lind."

She sang Mozart, Weber, and Meyerbeer, offset by such additional items as *Comin' Through the Rye* and *The Last Rose of Summer*. Presenting a little-known song from an opera called *Clari*, she immortalized *Home, Sweet Home*. Her voice spanned nearly three octaves, topping out at G above high C. Her high F-sharp was pure enough to split a ray of light, and she had an incredible ability to sing very softly at that altitude. No one could match her *messo di voce*—the technique of holding a single note while increasing and diminishing its volume. She did it as if she were twirling a knob on a hi-fi amplifier. Some of this was wasted on numbers like *Old Black Joe*, but she always sang parts from the operas in which she had won her fame, from *Norma* to *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Washington Irving came down the Hud-

son to Manhattan and was vastly impressed with her. So, in Boston, was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who declared that "she sings like the morning star." Even Niagara Falls fell at her feet as she stood on a projecting boulder and sang an aria to the plunging cataract. Pittsburgh's Stephen Foster, a young Northerner hopelessly in love with the South, was forever grateful to her because she added his songs to her repertoire, including one she called "*Mein Old Kentucky Home*." Nathaniel Hawthorne thought she was dull, but few agreed with him.

When Jenny Lind arrived in Washington, President and Mrs. Millard Fill-



CULVER-PHOTO

JENNY LIND
Even Niagara Falls fell at her feet.

more dutifully hiked through the woods between the White House and the Willard Hotel to leave their calling card. She began her first Washington concert before an audience that included the Fillmores. Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, Henry Clay of Kentucky, and 14 empty seats in the front row, reserved for the seven members of Fillmore's Cabinet and their wives. The Cabinet was off at the Russian ministry having dinner and soaking up exotic wines and vodka. Jenny Lind was singing *Hail, Columbia* when they swayed down the aisle and took their seats. Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, Secretary of State, stood up drunkenly and sang along with her, while his wife tugged furiously at his long black tails.

Gladys Denny Schultz, author of this biography, once wrote advice to teen-agers in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, an experience that may account for the essence of nosegay that rises from too many passages in her book. Generally skillful in her long treatment of Jenny Lind's American tour, which culminated in the singer's marriage

to her accompanist, Author Schultz is often grossly sentimental in her account of Jenny's early life. The daughter of a debt-ridden, often jobless man named Niklas Lind, Jenny was born out of wedlock. She was discovered and sent trilling her way to fame when a passer-by who had connections at Stockholm's Royal Theater heard her singing songs to her cat.

Silent Mirror. Though the book is over-long and exaggeratedly dramatic, it is full of surprising incidents. When Jenny stayed with friends in Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen would come around to tell stories to the children of the house, a pretext for seeing her. He fell in love with her. He wrote *The Emperor's Nightingale* for her. When she was cold toward him, he wrote *The Snow Queen*. When he begged her to marry him, she silently handed him a mirror. That night, he wrote *The Ugly Duckling*. (Author Schultz offers a modified version of this famous anecdote: she claims that Jenny really meant to impugn her own appearance, arguing that it is beyond belief that Jenny Lind could be that cruel.)

Jenny Lind's friends included Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Schumann and Brahms. Her great friend Felix Mendelssohn loved to sit at his piano and explore her upper register. Frederic Chopin referred to her affectionately as "this Swede." She often rode along the trails of Wimbledon with the 78-year-old Duke of Wellington, who decorated his dogtag with bright young ladies of the stage. The crowned potentates of the Continent competed for her friendship, from Prince Metternich of Austria to King Frederick William of Prussia. She was a close friend of England's Queen Victoria. Accordingly, when Jenny Lind died in 1887 at the age of 67, a memorial was inscribed to her in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey—the first time in the Abbey's history a woman had been so honored.

Thinblood Wouk

YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE (783 pp.).—Herman Wouk—Doubleday (\$7.95).

The morality of the biographical novel as practiced by Somerset Maugham (Gauguin is called Strickland) and Irving Stone (Van Gogh is called Van Gogh) is shaky but probably defensible; the gross offense of distorting a man's life can be justified to some extent if it helps the novelist to capture the quality of the man's spirit. But there is no literary or historical justification for the cynical trespass Herman Wouk has committed in *Youngblood Hawke*. It is not merely a distortion; it is an act of violence.

The victim is Thomas Wolfe, Wouk, respected as the storyteller of *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar*, widely praised as the sober man of good will who wrote *This Is My God*, has dismembered Wolfe and used the pieces to put together his novel's author-hero. This is not the same thing as drawing a fictional portrait of Wolfe. Wouk is not interested in Wolfe's life, except as a scenario for a searching inquiry into the agonizing problems of authorship (taxes, how to get the

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highest bid for movie rights, etc.), Wolfe's autobiographical novels proved him to be a socko literary material; why invent a mediocre character when you can crib a good one?

Wouk has borrowed almost everything from Wolfe but his cut links, although of course there is the customary title-page disclaimer. Wolfe himself is mentioned several times, and Youngblood Hawke, the fictional author, comes to fame 12 years after Wolfe's death. But the list of similarities testifies to the attentiveness of Wouk's note taking; both Wolfe and Hawke had huge physiques; Southern backgrounds; cantankerous mothers obsessed with real estate; awkward, adoring older sisters; affairs with sophisticated New York matrons 15 years older than



WOLFE
WOUK
Out in the trespass.

themselves; compulsions to set down every acre of the U.S. on paper; prose styles that needed strong-arm editing; early fame and early deaths from brain disease.

Wouk has altered the Wolfe legend with a startlingly original switch: Maxwell Perkins, the wise old Scribner editor who deftly chopped millions of words from Wolfe's brilliant but lardy first drafts, becomes Jeanie Green, a wise young editor. By day, she pencils the superfluous from Hawke's chapters; by night, she is his lady love. Not all night, of course; Wouk heroines are good girls.

Will Jeanie keep her virtue? Will Youngblood be able to pay the Internal Revenue Service the hundreds of thousands of dollars he owes in back taxes? Time after time, when he seems on the point of balancing Hawke's fiscal or moral accounts, a new tax lien or an old mistress shows up. Jeanie skips teasingly ahead of Youngblood for most of the book's 783 pages, and it may be taken as proof that the Romantic Age is finally over that in the end it is not the girl but the Treasury Department that gets the hero.

Also Current

RIVERSIDE DRIVE, by Louis Simpson (303 pp.; Atheneum; \$5). A prizewinning poet (*Good News of Death and Other Poems*) here turns his talent to novel writing for the first time, with notable results. His hero, Duncan Bell (like Simpson, the son of a well-to-do Jamaica plantation owner), migrates to New York, where his progress is interrupted by the war, a bout in an insane asylum, a pubescent female panther, and several rounds

on a psychoanalyst's couch that are complicated by Bell's self-destructive delusions of creative ability. Eventually Bell faces his own limitations and moves to California to help take care of handicapped children. Poet-Novelist Simpson's carefully framed moral: self-discovery is in itself a triumph over self-defeat.

THE FEVER TREE, by Richard Mason (316 pp.; World; \$4.95). After idolizing the whore with a heart of gold (in *The World of Suzie Wong*), British-born Novelist Richard Mason whitewashes the hero with feet of clay. The cad in question is British Army Major Ronald Birkett, 48, a world-famous explorer of boudoirs as well as continents, who stomps about saying such trenchant things as "Well, no point in beating about the bush, my dear. Get yourself into bed." But beneath this Great Lover exterior, he is a stingy fellow and a Communist underground agent involved in a complex plot to subvert Nepal. Readers will be challenged by a harrowing choice: Is Birkett better off Red than dead?

THE SIEGE, by Peter Vansittart (410 pp.; Walker; \$5.95). The Peasants' Rebellion (1525) in Germany began with the wildest pendulum swing of the Protestant Reformation, the radical Anabaptist movement, whose leaders fanatically renounced everything from private property to monogamous marriage. It ended, after a wave of incredibly cruel repression, in the agonizing Siege of Münster (1534-36). As narrator-hero, Author Vansittart uses a young nobleman named Zimri, who sets out to help put down the rebellion and later, at Münster, watches the Anabaptist leaders in their final action, e.g., Jan of Leyden, a cynical saint who takes twelve wives, winds up bound to an iron chair whose seat is a roaring stove. The details are vivid, but like most novels of its kind, Vansittart's ambitious book is neither real history nor first-rate fiction.

Perfect Thirkell

THREE SCORE AND TEN (312 pp.)—Angela Thirkell & C. A. Lejeune—Knopf (\$4.50).

The notion that a novel should offer pleasant, diverting entertainment is unfashionable these days (as is, for that matter, the notion that entertainment should be pleasant or diverting). No young writer who hoped to find a publisher would begin his novel, as the late Angela Thirkell did her latest book, with "It was one of those delightful English summer days so well described by Lord Tennyson." But for readers who had enough sense to come in out of the reality, it was not a bad sort of beginning. One knew where one stood, which was as far as possible from the mainstream of current literature.

THE AGED LORDS. Novelist Thirkell was one of the last surviving writers to play lawn tennis. From 1932 to '68, she wrote a book a year, and to the great satisfaction of her readers, each year it was the

same book. The end papers usually showed a map of Barsestshire (Novelist Trollope's invented county), pointing out the locations of the great houses and offering, if one cared to know, an exact route from the village of Little Misfit to the town of Winter Overcoats. The title might be *Enter Sir Robert, The Duke's Daughter or even Love Among the Ruins*, but the contents never varied. There was always just enough plot to hold together a succession of chats in which the aged Lord Stoke, who cultivates a deafness of convenience, Mrs. Morland, the giddy novelist, and various gentle-born friends agree that the bishopess (always absent) is a pill. Gradually, as the Barsestshire books piled up, nearly everyone of note in the county appeared, married and begat (hardly anyone



THIRKELL
LEJEUNE
In out of the reality.

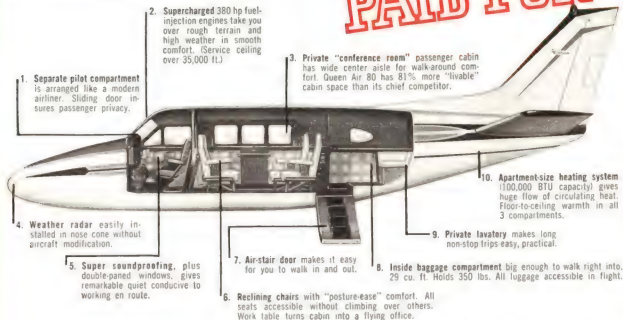
died), and Storyteller Thirkell confessed that for the life of her she could not keep track of all the children.

The only issue (or issue, as she would have written it) in Thirkell books is the regrettable march of progress; now and then someone will remark that Things are Not as They Once Were, and the rest of the guests at tea will agree that This is Bad. But progress mostly marches backward; a theme of several Barsestshire books is the evolution of the crude factory owner, Sam Adams, into a mellow squire by marrying one of the lesser county girls and becoming Acceptable.

LAST CAKE. When Angela Thirkell died last year at 71, readers accustomed to spending at least part of each year in Barsestshire felt summer-homesick. But the novelist had left five chapters of a new book, and Writer C. A. Lejeune, former film critic for the *London Observer*, undertook to pick up the almost invisible plot thread. Fittingly enough, she ended the book with a huge 70th birthday party for Mrs. Morland, the dithery novelist who, readers justifiably suspected, more than slightly resembled Author Thirkell. After the last bit of cake has been eaten, there comes a final passage whose treacle might have been spooned by the master herself: "Darling Lavinia," said Lord Mellings, "Are you sure you really want to marry me?" To which foolish question he neither expected nor received anything but a silent answer. And so they lingered in Golden Valley for a short, precious time, while from faraway Barchester came the chime of bells, and the setting sun struck a last glint of light from the most beautiful cathedral spire in England."

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Five Finger Exercise. A perspicuous and painful study of a family that has risen from rags to wretchedness.

State Fair. Composer Richard Rodgers has added new songs to this remake of the 1945 film, in which the corn is somehow taller and the color louder.

Moon Pilot. A skillful Walt Disney comedy about nervous astronauts and slow-thinking FBI men.

The Horizontal Lieutenant. A dogface farce that may not fracture any funny bones but manages to pile up a bumper crop of nuts on a Pacific island. It stars Paula Prentiss and Jim Hutton, who are surely the most promising romantic-comedians around.

Bell' Antonio. An Italian film that seriously and discreetly discusses a case of impotence.

All Fall Down. Angela Lansbury is painful and fascinating as a mother hen who crushes inanely over a bad egg (Warren Beatty), but the picture is just painful.

Only Two Can Play. Peter Sellers is perfectly hilarious as a lubricious bookworm, a wan don who thinks he is a Don Juan. **Viridiana.** Made in Spain per Franco's decree, this peculiar and powerful film by Luis Buñuel predicts in parable the next Spanish revolution.

Through a Glass Darkly. Ingmar Bergman's thematic analysis of four lives, as subtle as *Wild Strawberries* but solidier in substance.

The Night. A marriage dissected by Director Michelangelo Antonioni, Italy's great pathologist of morals.

Lover Come Back. Doris Day and Rock Hudson as adman and adwoman in a stock situation comedy worked out as smoothly as a chess problem: opening gambit, queen's sacrifice, knight rooked, mate.

Jules and Jim. France's François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) has created a gay, grotesque little fable about two men in love with a Lorelei (Jeanne Moreau).

The Counterfeit Traitor. A spate of spy stuff, slick and scary, with William Holden and Lilli Palmer playing hugger-mugger in Hitlerland.

Sweet Bird of Youth. In most Hollywood movies chrome does not pay, but in this case Writer-Director Richard Brooks has redipped and triple-polished a hunk of junk by Tennessee Williams until it glitters like a junkie's eyeball.

Last Year at Marienbad. A Gordian knot of cinema tied by two ingenious Frenchmen, Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet and Director Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*).

A View from the Bridge. Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-war Flatbush.

TELEVISION

Wed., May 16

Howard K. Smith: News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).^o Summary of the week's most important news items, with analysis.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-

11 p.m.). Interview with Welterweight Champion Emile Griffith. Color.

Fri., May 18

NBC White Paper (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A clinical look at a slum in Palermo, Sicily. Chet Huntley is narrator.

Sat., May 19

The 86th Prekrance (CBS, 5:30-6 p.m.). The running of the \$150,000 added classic from Pimlico Race Track, Baltimore.

Sun., May 20

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). *Aria da Capo*, Edna St. Vincent Millay's dark comedy on man's frail frivolity in the face of his commanding vices. **Directions '62** (ABC, 3:30 p.m.). Last in a series of spring music concerts presenting music written before 1750.

News Special (ABC, 4:4-5 p.m.). President Kennedy speaks on medical care for the aged.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *A Sound of Hunting*, a drama based on the 1945 stage play, tells the ordeals of an American rifle squad pinned down by German machine guns in the Italian campaign. Starring Sal Mineo, Peter Falk and Robert Lansing.

Mon., May 21

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A brilliant chemist becomes vegetative after a faulty operation, and Dr. Casey, of course, is furious. Starring James Franciscus.

Tues., May 22

The Emmy Awards (NBC, 10-11:30 p.m.). Television's chance to heap praise on itself. Johnny Carson is host in New York, David Brinkley in Washington and Bob Newhart in Hollywood.

Bell and Howell Close-Up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "The Overseas Chinese," their power and potential danger in Southeast Asia. Particular focus on Singapore.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. To conform or not to conform—that is the shopworn question that this ingratiating comedy answers with fresh and infectious humor. The cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr. and Sandy Dennis, is great fun to be with.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. This New York Drama Critics Circle prize play carries four desperate people toward self-acceptance and self-transcendence. Margaret Leighton, who acts with the purity of light, has won a Tony Award for her performance.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. A resonant drama of probity about probity. Paul Scofield's playing of wise, witty Sir Thomas More is a theatrical act of grace. Voted best foreign play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky. Treats God and man as back-fence neighbors, more humorous than awesome, more colloquial than eloquent, but there are occasional glints of religious fervor in Chayefsky's firmament.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a delightful spoof of officemanship. Org Man Robert Morse

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Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. Mom never had it so bad. Amid the Venus flytraps, Barbara Harris glistens as a hilariously voracious sexing.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. A tense symbolic war novel explores the near insanity that afflicts men too long exposed to combat.

Shut Up, He Explained, selections from Ring Lardner edited by Babette Rosmond and Henry Morgan. Tidbits likely to whet the appetite for a full-scale revival of America's greatest comic sharpshooter.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. Threading together an apparently haphazard series of essays on the literature of the U.S. Civil War, Wilson achieves an important work in history, more stirring than an account of the bloodiest battles.

The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Harry T. Moore. Epistolary barbs and insights from the pen of a pungent novelist-poet.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A brilliant and often savage account of life on a prewar German cruise ship becomes a universal study in human folly.

George, by Emlyn Williams. The celebrated playwright and actor writes with warmth and wryness about the poverty of his Welsh childhood and the near disasters of his career at Oxford.

Scott Fitzgerald, by Andrew Turnbull. A richly detailed biography of the author of *The Great Gatsby*.

Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories, by John Updike. The accomplished author of *Rabbit, Run* and *Poorhouse Fair* scores another major triumph in his minor mode.

A Long and Happy Life, by Reynolds Price. This wise, skillful first novel about a Carolina country girl's attempts to keep both her fiancé and her virtue is marred only by an occasional too-sweeping bow toward William Faulkner.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1, last week)
2. *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger (4)
3. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (2)
4. *Devil Water*, Seton (6)
5. *The Fox in the Attic*, Hughes (5)
6. *The Bull from the Sea*, Renault (3)
7. *Captain Newman, M.D.*, Rosten (9)
8. *A Prologue to Love*, Caldwell (8)
9. *Island, Huxley* (7)
10. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (2)
2. *Calories Don't Count*, Taller (1)
3. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (3)
4. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (5)
5. *Six Crises*, Nixon (4)
6. *In the Clearing*, Frost (6)
7. *The Making of the President 1960*, White (8)
8. *The Last Plantagenets*, Costain (9)
9. *CIA: The Inside Story*, Tully
10. *Scott Fitzgerald*, Turnbull (10)

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